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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
OCTOBER, 1926

Correspondence

An Ideal Holiday

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—The newspaper advertisements are full just now of the delights of various holiday resorts. Will you allow me to draw your attention to one more, where I have just spent the pleasantest fortnight I have ever enjoyed? I mean the Philip Stott (Conservative) College, five miles from Northampton.

The history of the college is briefly this. When Lord Overstone (the founder of Lloyds Bank) died, the beautiful place he had created went to his daughter, Lady Wantage, and after her death, four years ago, the property was in the market, and was bought by the well-known contractor, Sir Philip Stott. He had the house recast inside, to make it suitable for 100 students. He then formed a small committee and, with equal generosity and patriotism, placed the house and grounds at the disposal of the Conservative Party, for the reception and use of Conservatives of all ranks and ages and of both sexes. A regular course of instruction lasting a fortnight is provided. Lectures on English Constitutional history, Socialism, and Economics are given by the most famous exponents of these subjects. Public speaking is carefully taught, and everyone has to speak, beginning with three-minute orations and rising to ten when the course ends.

But life at the Stott College is not all work. Amusements of many sorts are also in the scheme. Billiards or bridge indoors, boating on the lake, lawn tennis, clock golf, a putting course and bowls are all included, and during my stay a thrilling cricket-match between an eleven of ladies and one of men batting with the left hand, took place. The lecture hall is cleared at night, and there is dancing until bed-time. On the last night there is a fancy dance which brings out wonderful inventive powers in young people. Some of the students bring their own cars, and take others to see the many places of interest in the neighbourhood—Stratford, Kenilworth, Warwick Castle, and various fine old churches. But the beauty of the trees in the park itself is a delight.

Lastly, I should like to speak of the distinctive character of the students themselves. They are a real mixture of classes—the only qualification is to be a Conservative. The Stott College teaches us *why* we are Conservatives. It gives a reason for the faith that is in us, and helps us to pass it on afterwards. During my own visit our party consisted of railway men, miners, engineers, girl secretaries from Conservative Associations, doctors, ordinary laymen with their wives, and members of the Services; there were also two generals and a young peeress.

We all lived together in most friendly intercourse, and learned a great deal from each other's standpoints. It was a very widening experience—a "liberal" education, if one may say so in such a connection.

The expense of the course is very moderate, and includes fetching the luggage from the station (Northampton Castle), as well as taking

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All subscriptions, donations, etc., should be addressed to the Hon. Treasurers, National Institute for the Blind, 224-8 Great Portland Street, London, W.1, who will be glad to send you, on request, the recently issued Annual Report, containing Balance Sheet and a full illustrated account of the Institute's work.

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the students both ways. It includes, of course, all the food, which is plain but excellent, and all the amusements.

All information regarding the college may be obtained by writing to the Warden, Philip Stott College, Overstone Park, Northampton.

It might be thought that so fine a scheme would be "jumped at" by inquiring Conservatives, or by anyone wanting a really unique summer holiday. But the reverse is the case. Many Constituencies have never sent anyone to the college, and there has been a rumour abroad that, if more people do not appreciate this great gift, it will be withdrawn.

Strange to say, the northern counties understand the advantages far better than the southern, and most of the visitors come from northern England and Glasgow.

I think the reason that there is not the rush one would expect is that very few people know of the college. Its name tells nothing of its purpose, and I wish this could be changed to the fuller title I gave it at the beginning of this letter.

I do not know which is more noteworthy, the fine mental atmosphere of the place, the great variety of its pleasures, the healthiness of its life, or the abiding political and educational advantages it offers. On leaving, one is more than ever convinced that the soundness, based on knowledge, of Conservative principles is the sole antidote to the rule of wild agitators and irresponsible "sloganists."

I am, etc.,

August 5, 1926. GRACE E. WYATT.

Imported Meat

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. Bruce Craufurd is wrong in his statement that the decline in the Irish cattle trade with England is attributable to imports of beef from Canada and New Zealand. He should have said chilled beef from the Argentine.

It has cost many New Zealand farmers, who have frozen their beef on "owner's account," and sent it home, from £1 to 30s. a head on 750 lb. to 800 lb. prime bullocks for the "privilege" of supplying the English market in the period since the great war. The competition of the Argentine chilled beef, which is of magnificent quality, in the main, is equally deadly to our beef-raising industry as to the Irish.

Yours, etc., N.Z. FARMER.

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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
OCTOBER, 1926

Current Comments

APPROXIMATELY one hundred thousand miners are now actually working at the coal face, and altogether not far short of double that number are employed in the mines below and above ground. It was known that the first hundred thousand would be the crucial test and, that this figure once passed, the return to work would likely proceed at a more rapid rate. It is certain that this critical stage would have been reached many weeks ago, if the Government had abstained from intervention. Even the bishops would not then have succeeded in delaying a settlement, since the miners' leaders only counted upon them to extract concessions from the Government. We are able to publish this month a plain-spoken account of the negotiations by Mr. Austin Hopkinson, M.P., who has throughout taken an active part in them. He has frankly held a brief for the owners. But as an employer with practical experience who, as readers of his article "An Industrial Aristocracy" in our August issue will remember, is inspired by a high ideal of *noblesse oblige* in the relations of capital and labour, it is certain that his choice of briefs was determined only by his conviction that justice, economic truth, and the national interest lay on the side of the employers.

The first 100,000

At this date when, at last, we believe there is good ground for hoping that the disastrous dispute is nearly ended, and that before our next number appears the strike will have collapsed, it would be wearisome to traverse again the arguments advanced by the miners or the successive proposals of the Government, neither of which have much relation to reality. Two remarkable features of the conflict are more disturbing to our mind than the fact that a few shallow, irresponsible and ambitious men, openly pledged to a policy of destruction, and having captured the leadership of an ignorant mass, should make a desperate attempt to execute their oft-repeated threats; set a beggar on

horseback and he will ride to the devil. The country will have been saved from their malevolent designs by the resolution of a body of far-seeing and patriotic employers who will be found to have acted throughout as trustees for the interests of the nation equally with their own. The nation and the Government have proved themselves able, in the crisis of the general strike, to defeat an even wider attack inspired by the same evil influences. But it has been impossible to watch the course of the coal strike without wondering whether the perverse infatuation of the Government for interference in a purely industrial dispute, obviously the consequence of former Government meddling, and from which politics should have been rigidly excluded, does not presage such a deterioration of political *morale* as to threaten our national ability to defeat the further similar attacks it will certainly encourage. This doubt has been increased by the very general evidence in a large section of the Press, supported by an apparently considerable proportion of the public, that the utterly bad case of the miners has received more sympathy than the sane and just case of the employers. Politicians, ecclesiastics, and powerful organs of public opinion vied with one another in abusing the owners at every turn. At best it became a habit to vaunt "impartiality" by condemning both parties and attributing to them equal obstinacy or intransigence.

Perfectly futile and, indeed, childish threats of coercion were thrown at the owners. Even Mr. Churchill in his short and unfortunate intrusion into the fray so far lost his head as to attempt to frighten the owners into submission by dark hints of compulsion. He succeeded only in compelling the Government to devise a tactical move to cover his retreat, the need for face-saving having been previously left to Mr. Cook. Even when the union leaders had been driven to the last ditch of a "national" settlement and it was quite clear that the owners had irrevocably decided to insist upon district agreements, for reasons undeniably as much in the interests of the nation as of the industry itself, leading journals accused the owners of callously provocative obstinacy. No one has, however, attempted to disprove the owners' case for district settlements, which is indeed incontrovertible.

Their critics were apparently not ashamed to ally themselves with Mr. Cook in his desperate eleventh-hour attempt to save his face and his power to strike another blow at the nation, whenever his masters in Moscow think the moment has come to order the attack. It is thus plain that a dangerously large section of our educated public has succumbed to the pacifist-defeatist spirit which dare not be resolute lest it should be thought "provocative" and would rather sacrifice a principle than lose a vote. Well, indeed, may Mr. Frank Hodges exclaim, "Oh! democracy, what baseness has been committed in thy name!"

Scarborough and Trade Union Law

In March, 1925, Mr. Baldwin surprised the country, and especially the Conservative party, by refusing at that time to reform the law under which the trade unions, as they too often forget, are allowed to exist. We were not among those who expressed impatience at his decision, and we have often reminded our readers that Mr. Baldwin pledged himself that the whole question should receive the earnest consideration of the Government with a view to more comprehensive action than was contemplated by Mr. Macquisten's Bill. It is evident that the general strike of last May and the further experience of the coal strike have brought the question to a head. A number of resolutions set down for discussion at the Annual Conference of the National Union of Conservative and Unionist Associations at Scarborough in October, follow very closely the recommendations contained in the article on "The Lesson of the Strike" we published in June, and that on "Trade Union Reform," by Mr. E. T. Good, in this issue. The following motion is submitted by Sir Arnold Gridley:—

> That in view of the experience afforded by the general strike of May, 1926, this Conference is of the opinion that the present state of the law relating to trade unions constitutes a menace to national security, whilst depriving the individual of political and industrial freedom; and that this Conference therefore urges the Government to introduce legislation to amend the law:—
>
> (1) To make illegal any strike called without a secret ballot of the members of the trade union affected;
>
> (2) To increase the security of the individual worker against victimization and intimidation on account of his political beliefs;

(3) To make mass picketing and the picketing of a man's private residence illegal; and

(4) To require the national accounts of trade unions to be audited by certified accountants.

Another resolution in the name of Major L. Beaumont-Thomas regrets the apparent inability of the Government to appreciate the necessity of amending the laws governing trade unions.

The events of this year have clearly made it impossible for the Government to withhold any longer a definite declaration of policy. Trade unionism has developed into an intolerable tyranny which menaces the life of the community. It threatens to reduce even its own members to serfs whose condition would inevitably sink to the tragic level of the Russian workers when the union leaders had in due course reduced our industries to the disastrous condition of the model they profess to admire.

Legal and Other Views

One of the most valuable contributions to any understanding of the legal rights respectively of the nation, the trade unions and their individual members, was the article "Sedition, Privy Conspiracy and Rebellion" by Sir Lynden Macassey in the *Quarterly Review* for July last. It is a survey of the whole field of trade union legislation by an able lawyer who throughout the war was in the closest contact with Labour. He is convinced that the great majority of the British workers are sound enough, but that in the trade unions they have unwittingly created a Frankenstein monster of which they have become the slaves instead of the masters. He quotes Mr. Robert Williams in his book "The New Labour Outlook": "What is called human progress consists of the partial or complete success of an active and intelligent minority forcing their views and convictions on an undiscerning and indiscriminating majority." This is the very antithesis of the democratic creed, but a definition with which we should not quarrel so long as we were agreed as to the respective characters of the minority and the majority. But in this illuminating phrase the eminent Labour leader actually describes the domination of a revolutionary proletarian minority as accomplished

in Russia and aimed at by the T.U.C. in England. Had he defined his travesty of human progress as the complete success of an unscrupulous and ignorant minority in forcing their views on a stupid and demoralized majority, his definition would have applied with equal accuracy either to the Soviet inferno or the nightmare of Cook's rule of the miners.

We earnestly commend to the prospective participants in the debate at Scarborough the task of studying the articles in the *Quarterly* and our own pages referred to above, in which they will find a valuable mine of information condensed into a very short space. No one who believes in the right to work and the necessity of protecting the constitution as the primary duty of Government could rise from their perusal without the conviction that the very foundations of our liberty and prosperity are gravely threatened by a new and malignant power which has risen in the country and will destroy, if it be not destroyed. But profoundly as we believe that action, and drastic action, is urgently necessary, we would deprecate any panic legislation inspired by hysterical fear. The immediate duty of Parliament is only to amend the law where, after the fullest consideration, it may be found wanting in those objects which are clearly its intention. Mr. David Harrison in his article "The General Strike and the Law," published in our June issue, has shown that under the existing law the technical illegality of a general strike (*pace* Mr. Justice Astbury's decision) is doubtful. Sir Lynden Macassey has revealed other flaws.

Overhaul the Common Law

But it is by no means certain that the common law as it stands, if strictly administered, is insufficient to protect the liberty of the subject and the rights of the community in many of the respects in which new legislation is demanded. Trade unions are theoretically democratic organizations, and democracy is so congenitally weak and incompetent that it must either be benevolently protected or succumb to more or less malevolent domination. This is precisely what has happened to the trade unions. But so far as their misgovernment affects only their own internal interests,

it is better that they should have every reasonable opportunity of reforming themselves from within rather than that their constitutions should be compulsorily reorganized from without. If even after the lesson of the general strike and the subsequent bitter experience of the coal strike they fail, as they probably will, to put their house in order, it will be time enough to impose legislation upon them. The attention of the Government should first be directed solely to minimizing their power to injure the community by the strict administration and, so far as may be necessary, the strengthening of the common law. Public services, such as railways, Post Office, gas, water and electricity, should be a class apart. The right to strike in all such essential services should be entirely withdrawn. No hardship would be involved where employment is permanent and carries a pension. Any man could, of course, leave the service with due notice. Hasty and injudicious legislation can only have the effect of antagonizing a vast number of an ignorant electorate by presenting unscrupulous agitators with material to start a new industrial conflagration.

A large and influential section of employers are so heartily tired of the series of futile interventions in industrial disputes by the Government that their most earnest desire is to be left alone for a season to deal as best they can with the unions, looking to the Government only to administer the law and maintain order.

Mr. Baldwin has probably learned that the "peace in our time" for which he has striven will not be reached, if Cook, Herbert Smith, and their like can prevent it. But he retains his faith in the native good qualities of the average British working men, likely to show themselves much more clearly amongst the miners when Cook is dethroned from his position as national dictator. He may be relied upon, therefore, rather to give Labour every chance to reform and vindicate itself than to inflame fresh passions by minatory legislation.

But he will imperil the fate of the Conservative party at the polls if he flinches from the elementary duty of ensuring the right of the individual to work and of the community to its essential public services.

M. BRIAND'S policy, as developed since the meeting at Locarno, shows at least the virtue of continuity, even though it appears to many Frenchmen to be in some respects in advance of public opinion. He has been seeking at Geneva and at meetings of the Cabinet in Paris, to pursue that continued policy of the *rapprochement* between France and Germany, which Sir Austen Chamberlain confidently hoped would in time develop from the Locarno Pacts. It is evident that the progressive reduction of the points of friction between France and Germany must in general be to the advantage of Britain, if only because that process progressively diminishes the probability of our being called upon to fulfil our obligations to intervene with force in a dispute between the two ancient combatants. Nor can there be any occasion for surprise if the *rapprochement* seems likely to take mainly an economic aspect. Generations, it seems safe to assume, rather than years are likely to pass before the psychological and temperamental differences between the two nations are so far adjusted that a clash on their account can be rendered essentially improbable. There is, therefore, little occasion to look with suspicion upon Franco-German negotiations intended to remove friction by concessions, on the one side economic, and on the other intended to relax some of the more irritant arrangements resulting from the peace. Whether the negotiations, so far as they have proceeded, have been received with quite such unanimous approval by M. Poincaré's Cabinet as was made to appear, is another question, for while the remarkably well-informed *Quotidien*, which supports the Briand policy, has continued almost daily to point to Cabinet differences on the subject, some organs of the Right, notably the *Figaro*, so far from denying these differences, have even emphasized them as indicating that the country can have confidence in the caution which the Coalition Cabinet represents. There are other indications that authoritative French opinion is disinclined to travel too fast. A significant speech was made, for example, on September 19, by General Debeney, Chief of the French General Staff, at the anniversary of the retaking by the French of the Douaumont Fort at Verdun, where he commanded a

Franco-German Negotiations

division. Referring to the occupation of the Rhineland, he affirmed the necessity for France to occupy for the whole period fixed by the Treaty the left bank of the Rhine. "Germany, knowing the devastations that we have had on our soil," he said, "will have the apprehension of those same devastations on her own soil, and, therefore, that occupation is for us a guarantee of security . . . . For nine years to come the treaties give us the right to occupy the left bank of the Rhine. It is our business to use that period to finish healing our wounds, to reconstitute our forces, to re-establish our finances so generously sacrificed during the war, to restore our devastated regions, and to reorganize our army. This task accomplished, France, strong again, will be able, I feel sure, to pursue in peace her civilizing mission and work to realize the hopes expressed by eloquent voices in recent days at Geneva."

General Debeney's speech cannot have been made without ministerial approval, not of M. Poincaré alone, but, even more significantly of M. Painlevé, the Minister for War, and it must be assumed, through him, of M. Briand. There is competent, and by no means extremely "Nationalist" French opinion which holds that the *rapprochement* negotiations will slow down, though it is unlikely that Cabinet differences upon matters of foreign policy will be allowed to overshadow the necessity for keeping together in order to avoid a financial debacle in France.

British Interests

GREAT BRITAIN naturally approves signs of a gradual decrease of the historic animosity between the two peoples, but the British Government is none the less under obligations to examine carefully the details, as and when they become known, of the agreements which may be worked out between the French and German Governments. This is notably the case when proposals are on foot whereby Germany would apparently purchase alleviations from provisions of the Treaty of Versailles by mobilizing part of the £550,000,000 of railway bonds given as security for reparations payment. Various suggestions have been made, first in the German, and later in the French Press, for the marketing of a considerable part of these German

railway bonds. French newspapers have gone to the length of suggesting that the only portion of these bonds to be marketed at present should be that of which the proceeds would come to France under her claim of 52 per cent. of reparations payments. We have pointed out before that if the total indemnity to be paid by Germany could be fixed once and for all, and the bonds or other obligations of German industry, representing the guarantee for such payment, could be mobilized, a permanent source of friction would be removed, and there would also be lifted from the shoulders of Germany's creditors the constant uncertainty as to the probability of those payments being maintained over an indefinite series of years. If, for example, the railway bonds could now be placed upon the international market, and taken up by financial institutions or private investors of many nationalities, including probably Germans and German-Americans, the irritation caused to the Nationalist spirit in Germany by payments on account of those bonds would be lessened, and the likelihood of an attempt to repudiate them greatly reduced. Apart, therefore, from the desire of the French Government to obtain by such means a considerable *masse de manœuvre*, to be applied to currency stabilization, French fiscal anxieties regarding future reparations payments would be relieved if those payments could be capitalized and paid to a considerable extent at once. But there could be no question of removing money raised by such sale from the normal process of proportional distribution among Germany's creditors. Otherwise it might happen that while France would receive her 52 per cent. in full, and be relieved both of the odium of collection, and of uncertainty regarding future payments, Great Britain would, in the main, be saddled with practically all of the remaining odium and most of the uncertainty.

Mr. Mackenzie King's Victory

THE Canadian elections have brought the Liberals to power once again, and the luckless Mr. Meighen has announced his decision to resign the leadership of the Conservative party. On this occasion the Liberal majority is sufficient to break the political deadlock which has existed so long at Ottawa, and, in the absence of unforeseen

developments, Canada should enjoy several years of stable government. It is to be a period, in the opinion of Mr. Mackenzie King himself, of renewed and redoubled prosperity.

The issue of the election was in doubt to the last. The Conservatives, however, overstated their case against the last Liberal Administration in respect of the customs scandals and may have lost more than they gained on this account, while their intention to build a tariff wall round the Dominion found little favour among an electorate which had recently seen the duties on imported motor-cars reduced with a consequent diminution in price. The "Constitutional issue" probably weighed but lightly in the scales; the Liberals were wise enough to realize that in attacking Lord Byng they were using a two-edged weapon, and deflected their onslaught on to the person of Mr. Meighen. The Liberals, moreover, were able to dress their electoral windows to great advantage with a shining display of tax reductions, effected and to come. To the distant observer of the contest, however, it seems that Mr. Meighen may have contributed to his own defeat by straying too far along the path of compromise in search of support from Quebec and the West. His statement of policy at Hamilton—that, no matter how grave the emergency affecting Canada and the Empire, no troops should leave the Dominion until war had been approved in a General Election—falls strangely from the lips of the leader of the party which emblazons "The Imperial Connection" on its shield. One wonders whether Mr. Meighen might not have found a majority if he had spoken to the electorate in the words of Mr. Bruce, the Australian Prime Minister: "I will oppose everything tending to weaken the unity of the Empire, which is the most vital consideration"; or of Mr. Coates, the Prime Minister of New Zealand: " . . . While New Zealand values exceedingly her freedom and her present right to be consulted in Imperial affairs, and is glad to exercise that right whenever practicable, she recognizes that in foreign policy it is not always possible to give effect to the separate views of all the Dominions, and where necessary New Zealand leaves the ultimate decision to the Imperial Government . . . regarding the Locarno Pact, New Zealand would take the position she had been proud to occupy in the past—beside Great Britain."

CURRENT COMMENTS

The Imperial Conference

It is reassuring to learn that there is not to be a vacant seat at the Imperial Conference, and that Mr. Mackenzie King has intimated his intention to attend. A Canadian decision not to attend the meeting would have been deeply regretted throughout the Empire. Recent reports have pictured Mr. Mackenzie King as plucking at the petals of uncertainty and murmuring alternately, " I will, I won't." Some of his supporters have been busy finding reasons why he could not possibly leave the Dominion, and at one time it seemed as if the Noes would have it. It would have been hard to convince opinion in other parts of the Empire that obstacles existed so insuperable as to prevent Canada's Prime Minister from making the journey to London. The suggestion that there should be a further postponement was obviously inopportune at a moment when three Dominion Prime Ministers, who naturally wish to return to their posts as soon as possible, are already on the high seas.

All being well, therefore, the Conference will assemble in London on October 19. Oversea Settlement will be the first question for discussion, and its examination in the light of experience since the last meeting of the Conference should yield instructive results. There is to be a general review of Trade under the Flag, with a discussion of the work of the Imperial Economic Committee and the position of the Empire Marketing Board. Communications, under which head are included the work of the Imperial Shipping Committee and the question of commercial air services, will come next, and the official agenda concludes with such items as research, the exhibition of Empire films, and the question of securing agreement as to the liability of State enterprises to taxation. Other subjects will be discussed, however, which are not shown on the programme. We have General Hertzog's word for it that he intends to test anew the elastic properties of the word " status." The position of the Dominions in regard to seats on the Council of the League of Nations is also likely to form the subject of discussion, especially in view of the unsuccessful Irish application for a seat at the recent Council election. The Irish delegate at Geneva was one of those who raised his voice against the formation of groups within the

League, so that the suggestion that Canada, South Africa and the Irish Free State would tend to form a kind of *bloc* at the Imperial Conference rests on an obviously insecure foundation. The general attitude of Australia and New Zealand toward the Conference and its work is shown in the extracts already quoted from the farewell speeches of their respective Prime Ministers.

The Australian Referendum

THE principle of a referendum as an effective method of ascertaining what is vaguely called "the will of the people" has many advocates. Recent experience of the results of this method in Australia, therefore, deserve much more attention than they will receive. Under the operations of the Federal Constitution many questions affecting commerce and industry have fallen into some confusion, and the necessary amendments could be obtained only by referendum. Believing that the last elections implied a Mandate for these changes, Mr. Bruce decided upon this course and has been decisively defeated. The matters involved were exceedingly complicated and could not be embodied in direct questions capable of being submitted to the people. The case against Mr. Bruce's policy could be, and has been, argued at length in terms which, to the great mass of electors, were wholly unintelligible. It naturally followed that all parties—leaders included—were hopelessly split. The "Labour" party, in New South Wales and Queensland especially, has become deeply penetrated by Socialist-Communism, which is painfully reflected in their financial position. These two States alone provided strong support for Mr. Bruce, and the inference may be that a majority of their electors, alarmed by certain events of recent years, had come to believe that greater security might be attained by a transference of functions to the Federal Government. On the other hand, Victoria, which has escaped from the blight of "Labour" government, proved the strongest opponent of this proposed amendment. It may be that the small minority of an electorate exceeding 3,000,000, and including a large number of women, which had definite views, selected the course which appeared best to favour their objects. This would account for the splitting of both the Conservative and

the "Labour" votes, as it was a doubtful point whether power in the States or in the Central Government would be most likely to suit the policy of either party. These are conjectures, and the defeat of Mr. Bruce may have been determined mainly by nescient electors who, as is usual, voted for no change, or by those who are vaguely jealous of any interference with State rights. The moral of this interesting experiment seems to be two-fold. Only the very simplest issue is suitable for a referendum, and the difficulties of working a Federal Constitution are again emphasized.

China

THE lamentable course of events in China is not likely to be arrested, or even modified, by the appointment of a new British Minister to Peking, unless it be accompanied by an intimation to all concerned that Great Britain proposes to resume the freedom of initiative which she surrendered at the Washington Conference in 1921. During the past year THE ENGLISH REVIEW has repeatedly drawn attention to the deplorable results of our continued subservience to American policy in the Far East, a policy which *au fond*, reflects no principle of statecraft, but merely the powerful influences brought to bear upon the American Government by missionary and educationist societies for the furtherance of their own peculiar ideals and particular interests. For reasons which have never been explained or justified, our position as an Asiatic power, the destinies of the important Crown Colony of Hong-Kong, and the future of our Far Eastern trade, have all been sacrificed for the past five years to quixotic observance of the spirit and the letter of the Washington Treaties. It is an open secret, of which Chinese politicians and Tuchuns may be expected to take full advantage, that, despite the now overwhelming evidence of their fatuous futility, Downing Street is still disposed to cling to these unfortunate pacts, and to adhere to its "careful and patient" policy of conciliation and compromise. If this disposition be not changed, nothing that any British Minister at Peking can say or do will make any serious impression upon those who find pleasure and profit in bringing contempt upon our political prestige and ruin upon our trade.

It is sincerely to be hoped that the light which Lord Willingdon is reported to have gained during his instructive visit to the Chinese capital may serve to illuminate our policy in the near future. His lordship's rapid conversion to a sanely practical view of the Chinese problem, like that of Mr. Silas Strawn, is a hopeful feature of the situation. Light appears, indeed, to be spreading, even to some of those who have subscribed most fervently to the sentimental delusions and ignorant enthusiasms which distinguish American policy in China. On July 23 the *Times* correspondent at Peking cabled that "only the highest statesmanship on the part of the principal Powers can modify or avert the rapidly approaching day of reckoning," and as a corrective he advised the "prompt abandonment of the pretence, which every legation knows to be farcical, of giving effect to the resolutions passed by the Washington Conference." The sooner public opinion in this country insists upon the application of this obvious and effective remedy, the better for British interests in jeopardy and for the Chinese people in their sore distress.

Spain

MANY interesting and important events have been occurring in Spain. September 13 was the third anniversary of the Barcelona *coup d'état*, by which General Primo de Rivera made himself Dictator of Spain. His regime has been strong, and has done much for the country. In his anniversary manifesto the General justifiably claims to have dominated syndicalism, to have silenced the Catalan Separatists, to have notably improved the national finances, and to have solved the Moroccan problem.

A national appeal, organized by the *Unión Patriotica*, has collected 6,697,164 signatures in the Dictator's favour, which, even allowing for some irregularities in the collection, shows that he has gained wide support throughout Spain. It was not a plebiscite, as commonly stated, since no adverse votes could be recorded. It may, however, be accepted as proof of a large favourable majority.

At the beginning of the month the Government had to meet the most serious crisis owing to division in the Army. Since June the artillery officers had been protesting against a ministerial decree instituting promotion

by merit as well as seniority, the latter having behind it a long tradition. In conditions which recall the abdication of Amadeus of Savoy from the throne of Spain in 1873, King Alfonso hesitated when General Primo de Rivera proposed strong measures to meet the intransigent attitude of the artillery officers, but such action was resolutely undertaken by the Cabinet and finally supported by the King. There was a tense moment when loaded cannon were trained on the Ministry of War; but firmness gained the day.

It is possible—though it seems unlikely—that General Primo de Rivera will have more trouble from the artillery rebellion, which, like the Weyler cabal, may already be regarded as a thing of the past. The Government does not seem to have suffered from these attacks, and the opposition is weaker than before. The air is clearer for the second stage of General Primo de Rivera's programme: the transition back to Constitutional government.

A beginning will be made early in November in this difficult and delicate task, by the formation of a Consultative National Assembly, composed of 300 representatives of all classes. This Assembly, which will be invested with legislative powers, but which is to function under the strictest Government supervision, is a novel experiment in statecraft. It should at least broaden the narrow basis upon which the responsibilities of government at present rest.

Spain's withdrawal from the League is consistent with the independent lines General Primo de Rivera adopted as his policy from the first. It should be taken seriously. Public opinion in Spain is inarticulate under the censorship, but on the League question, whose intricacies the mass of the nation do not understand, a Nationalist' policy would always find support. Liberal opinion in Spain ardently favours co-operation with the League, and if any sort of liberty of expression is granted to the forthcoming Assembly, it seems probable that Spain's withdrawal will be heavily criticized.

King Alfonso has had many difficulties to solve during the past three weeks which have been full of responsibilities for him. He has once again given unmistakable proof of his capacity for courageous decision.

The Problem of Tangier

THERE can be little doubt that General Primo de Rivera's demand for the inclusion of Tangier in the Spanish Zone has been very largely dictated by the exigencies of domestic politics at Madrid, but it is nevertheless likely to produce an international crisis of the first magnitude unless it is very carefully handled by the Powers concerned. The preservation of the *status quo*, which is not recognized by Italy or the United States, seems to be out of the question, and all the other suggested solutions raise apparently insuperable obstacles. To grant the Spanish request would be to create a serious threat to Gibraltar, and the opposition of both the Admiralty and the War Office to any such concession has already been aroused; France is hostile to the granting of a Mandate, for now that Germany is a member of the League, such a step would give Berlin once more the right to interfere in Morocco which she specifically renounced by the terms of the Treaty of Versailles. In fact, the best solution has already been mooted in influential French circles, namely, that the international status of Tangier should be maintained, but that France should cede her rights in the town to Spain, who would thus be assured of a predominating position in its administration. Unfortunately, it is by no means probable that this solution would satisfy Spanish ambitions, and there are indications that it would encourage Italy to seek similar concessions in Tunis to counterbalance her continued exclusion from Morocco. The only other way out of the difficulty, and it is not easy to see how it can be avoided, is a conference of the signatories of the Treaty of Algeciras, which regulates the present position in Morocco. A meeting of the representatives of nations with such diverse interests as Great Britain, the United States, France, Italy, Germany, Russia, Spain, Holland, Austria, Portugal, Belgium, Sweden, and Morocco might well lead to infinite complications, for several of these Powers would probably avail themselves of the opportunity to raise other African questions than that immediately at issue. But now that General Primo de Rivera has posed the problem of Tangier so definitely, it is a danger that may well have to be faced.

Cheap Flying

In spite of the fact that the 35-h.p. Hawker "Cygnet" biplane won the *Daily Mail* £3,000 prize at the Royal Aero Club's light aeroplane competition by proving itself capable of carrying two 11-stone men and a hundredweight of luggage at an average speed of 65 miles an hour, with the low consumption of 38 miles per gallon of petrol, the competition has not justified the time, energy, and money expended on it. In the first place, all the four machines which completed the five days' flying tests were two-year-old aeroplanes, originally built for the 1924 competition, which limited the engine volume to 1,100 cubic centimetres—and, therefore, in effect, the power to 35-h.p. or so. It was realized by experts after the 1924 competition that engines of this limited size provided insufficient margin of power for use by amateur owners and, therefore, this year the only limitation was that the engines used should not weigh more than 170 lb. The intention was that this should encourage engines of 60- to 70-h.p., but the limit was probably set a little too low, since the 65-h.p. Armstrong-Siddeley "Genet," specially designed for the competition and installed in several machines, proved somewhat too finely cut in weight to have the necessary reliability. The unfortunate result of the competition is, therefore, to confirm in the minds of the public the impression that a two-seater light aeroplane requires only 35-h.p., which is quite definitely against the view of the best technical opinion. The truth is that the first requirement for a private owner's aeroplane is robustness of construction, giving reliability and ease of repair, in both aeroplane and engine. That is why the De Havilland "Moth" aeroplane, with its 60-h.p. "Cirrus" engine (weighing 260 lb.) has been standardized for the use of the officially approved light aeroplane clubs. The most beneficial result of this year's competition is that the 65-h.p. "Genet" engine will now probably be developed in a less "cut" form, with the second magneto always intended to form part of its regular equipment. It is also of interest from the Imperial standpoint that "B.P." aviation spirit, the product of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, should have been used throughout the week by the winning machine.

The Policy of the Coalowners

By Austin Hopkinson, M.P.

THE dispute in the coal mining industry having now dragged its slow length along for many months, it is well that the public, and perhaps even the Government, should begin to realize that the colliery owners have been following a definite, clearly designed policy from the very beginning of the trouble, and that this policy is not merely the embodiment of their views concerning the interests of their own industry. It is much wider, and was adopted after the most careful consideration of all the national interests involved. Indeed, I think that it would be true to say that even if the immediate interests of the coal industry were such as to make it advisable to abandon it, the colliery owners would still carry it through to the end, since they are so fully convinced that the whole future prosperity of the people of Great Britain depends upon their doing so. In this they have the emphatically expressed support of those who direct the other great industries of the country, and who are well aware of the dangers confronting us now, when every party in the State has given up even the pretence of having either principles or policy. It is only too obvious that the Conservative party has followed the lead of its rivals, and has been prepared to tear the constitution to shreds if, by so doing, it could induce a few more voters to support its candidates. Politicians of all parties have chosen the path of the Gadarene swine, and the only distinction between them is to be found in the varying velocities at which they propose to run down the steep slope into financial chaos and ultimately into dictatorship.

Fortunately, however, there are still men in this country who, though they take no active part in political life, are seriously troubled when they see the dangerous situation into which the folly and ambition of politicians have brought us. Fortunately, also, some of them are ready to undertake the thankless task of minimizing the effect of that folly and ambition. They are well aware that their efforts will be rewarded with nothing except misrepresentation and abuse. But they are determined

to go through with the matter and, even if they fail and the usual fate of democracies overtakes our country, as it has overtaken others, to insure that the historians of the decline and fall of Britain will be able to state that she did not go down without a struggle. Circumstances, which the reader will be able to recognize without difficulty, have thrust the colliery owners into the front line in this fight against the advance of serfdom in industry and dictatorship in politics. And no one, who has been intimately concerned in the wearisome negotiations arising from the present coal strike, can deny that they have fought the fight of their fellow-countrymen with a skill and a determination which deserve, and will probably in the end command, success.

In order that we may understand their policy let us call to mind the situation as it existed at the moment when the report of the Samuel Commission was published. The Government had surrendered to the Miners' Federation months earlier, and was still paying blackmail to the amount of many millions. The Federation, having frightened the Government into paying once, was determined to continue to levy blackmail, and to plunge the country into revolution if its demands were refused. The weapon of the general strike had been sharpened and would certainly be tried sooner or later. Every consideration of personal interest, and even of the interests of their industry as a whole, had to be banished from the minds of the colliery owners, and their policy had to be framed in such a way as to give the greatest possible measure of support to the Government and the people in meeting the furious attack which would inevitably be launched against them by the native enemies of the country under the orders of its most bitter enemies abroad.

The report was published. On matters of fact it confirmed what the owners had stated in 1924 and again in 1925, to the effect that the costs of production, with the seven-hour day and the minimum wage of 1924, were greater than the industry could bear. The Commissioners added a string of suggestions (of which some were sensible and some were not) for the better organization of the industry. But, if the whole of those proposals could have been put into force instantaneously, the

reduction in the cost of production thus effected would have been ludicrously small, and some of them would have had the effect of actually increasing the burden on the industry. They were suggestions of the kind which one would expect to see put forward by fairly intelligent persons quite ignorant of the industry and hopelessly confused by interminable tables of statistics. The fatal weakness of the report lay in the fact that the Commissioners had adopted an attitude unreasonably pessimistic, and evidently contemplated a terrible contraction of the coal industry of Great Britain, with an artificial raising of prices in order that artificially high wages might be paid for strictly limited hours of work.

All this was evident to the coalowners; but I pressed them to set aside every other consideration, and to do everything possible to strengthen the hands of the Government in dealing with the impending revolutionary strike. It was for that reason alone that they publicly signified their willingness to carry out every single one of the Commission's suggestions, foolish as many of the latter were. At the same time they drew up a carefully-reasoned criticism of the report, and submitted it privately to the Government, since they naturally did not wish it to be thought that they agreed with all the foolish recommendations of the Commissioners. When the public has had time to discover how foolish some of those proposals were, it is possible that the coalowners may think it advisable to publish the document to which I have referred.

Again, in the week immediately before the general strike, I pointed out to the coalowners how greatly it would strengthen the hands of the Government if they would agree to put forward a national minimum percentage addition to wages. And again they cast aside all questions of the interests of their own industry and, by doing what I had asked them, made it possible for the Government to go into the fight against the enemies of Britain, strengthened by the fact that the sympathies of the great bulk of the people were directed against the Miners' Federation, which had refused to accept the report, or even to enter upon any real discussion on the difficulties of the industry.

The combined forces of the Trade Union Congress

and the Miners' Federation launched their attack upon the people, and suffered utter and ignominious defeat. The immediate danger was overcome, and it became possible for the coalowners to pursue the policy they had already decided to put into effect. The basis of that policy lay in their recognition of the fact that, if the standard of living of the workers of Great Britain is to be maintained and improved, the coal mining industry must continue to expand in direct ratio with the increase of the population. Political interference and the efforts of the Miners' Federation had checked that expansion in recent years, and had actually brought about a state of affairs in which a rapid contraction of the industry was inevitable, unless the politicians could be frightened away and the Miners' Federation reduced to impotence. The first step, therefore, was to effect such an alteration in the ratio of wages paid to coal produced, that profits could be earned in every district, and the supply of fresh capital could be insured. In order that the standard of living of the miners might not be too drastically lowered, it was evident that an increase of working hours could not be avoided. At once the coalowners were brought up against that insuperable obstacle to prosperity in the coal industry—the Seven Hour Act. Nothing could be done until that bar was removed, and week after week we pressed the Government to do the only thing in its power to help the miners. In some districts it was impossible, with a seven-hour day, to pay anything approaching to a satisfactory minimum wage; but an extra hour would enable even the poorest districts to offer an attractive wage to the unskilled labourers in the pits.

Meanwhile the Miners' Federation, after many attempts to induce the owners to help them to extort a subsidy from the rest of the workers of the country in order that the miners might have shorter hours and much higher wages than those who found the money with which to pay them, perceived that the owners would never join them in their impudent demands. The Federation, therefore, issued its orders to the miners and set to work to starve the country into submission. The Government, having made an offer of a small subsidy, stated that the offer would be withdrawn on a certain date. The day arrived, and the offer of blackmail was again renewed.

The Federation gleefully pointed out to the miners that they had only to stand firm and the Government would surrender again as it had done in the previous year, and that it would never dare to alter the Seven Hour Act. And, indeed, the Government gave them good reason to think so. Almost two months were thrown away before the Hours Bill was introduced, and even when the plunge had been taken, the second reading was postponed for a week and a foolish piece of humbug called the Mining Industry Bill was given precedence.

At length the Hours Bill was allowed to pass the House of Commons. But at this point a fresh difficulty arose, for the Chancellor of the Exchequer decided that he would like to take a hand in the game. Apparently he was under the impression that his powerful personality would overawe the coalowners, and that he would dictate to them exactly what they should do and what offers should be made to the miners in the various districts. The Hours Bill was held up in the House of Lords because the South Yorkshire owners put forward an offer of which he did not approve. A charge of breach of faith was made against them by the Government, who at this juncture invented the story that the owners had entered into a bargain with it. As a matter of fact, there was no bargain of any kind, and every district was fully at liberty to put forward any terms which it thought would meet the needs of the industry.

Since the delaying of the Hours Bill encouraged the Federation and prolonged the strike, I pressed the South Yorkshire owners to alter their offer, pointing out to them the hopeless mess into which the Government would plunge the country unless we helped it out of the false position in which it had placed itself. As soon as they perceived the national danger involved, the Yorkshire owners at once made the necessary alteration, and the Bill was passed. But the delay had again encouraged the Miners' Federation in their belief that the Government would surrender, and the intervention of the Chancellor of the Exchequer prolonged the strike into August.

Then new trouble arose from an altogether unexpected source. A body of ecclesiastics, whose function is apparently to act as a department of the Socialist Party

organization, blundered into the dispute and succeeded in prolonging the strike for another month. These busybodies were eventually swept out of the way, and at last the field was clear. Parliament was not in session, and the return of the men to the pits was proceeding at an ever-increasing speed in spite of the frantic efforts of the Federation. The end was in sight, and importers of foreign coal began to reckon up what their liabilities would be if they went on making forward contracts. The Mining Association of Great Britain (the coalowners' association) perceived that the leaders of the Federation had been seized with panic at the news that the important Midland districts were about to throw off their domination. It was clear that those leaders, having plunged their poor foolish followers into misery for months, were going to abandon them and to concentrate on the policy of saving their own skins, no matter what might happen to the miners. The Association, therefore, carried out the next part of its policy. It divested itself of all power as a national wage-negotiating body. The coalowners had decided upon this action months earlier, but had waited until they were convinced that the right moment had arrived for putting it into effect. The result was startling to the public, though it was no more than what the coalowners anticipated. "Emperor" Cook and the "strong, silent" Herbert Smith promptly disclaimed all knowledge of the slogan "Not a penny off the pay, not a second on the day." The miners must take any wage the coalowners care to offer; but one great principle must be maintained even if the miners starve—the members of the Federation executive must keep their jobs. And, if there is no central negotiating body of owners, what becomes of the central negotiating body of the miners? What becomes of those who have deceived the miners with callous selfishness so long? No more portraits in the newspapers. No more pleasant evenings at No. 10 Downing Street. No more trips on the Continent. No more handling of Russian money, handed over with no conditions attached to the gift, except that it shall be used to do the utmost possible harm to England.

Faced with this terrible prospect, the leaders of the Federation displayed feverish activity. Fortunately for them the Prime Minister was away, and in his place was

the Chancellor of the Exchequer, still smarting from the rebuff which he brought upon himself by his interference nearly two months earlier. Rapidly, with the assistance of politicians of all parties, the plot was hatched. The Federation was to appear willing to be reasonable at last. But on one condition—there must be a National settlement, i.e. the leaders must save their faces and retain their jobs.

The Chancellor summoned the coalowners to meet him, and presented a case which Mr. Evan Williams reduced to pulp in a very short time. The old falsehood about a bargain in respect to the Eight Hour Act was brought out, and was promptly nailed to the counter. The coalowners explained that Ministers of the Crown might enter into discussions with the avowed enemies of the country with a view, not to the benefit of the nation, but to the saving of the faces of those enemies. The Government might do what it liked, might threaten what it thought fit to threaten, but they had decided that, in the interests of the whole nation, those enemies must be crushed, and that the Chancellor must not be allowed to save them from their well-merited doom. There, at the moment of writing, the matter rests.

But I would ask the reader to free himself from the effect of the campaign of mud-slinging which the Chancellor recently persuaded the Press to organize against the coalowners, and to regard the whole matter dispassionately, so that he may judge whether they have been carrying out consistently a policy designed to serve the public interest by—

1. Putting the coal industry, so long the sport of politicians, upon an economic basis so that it may expand regularly to meet the increasing needs of an ever-increasing population.

2. Making the position of interfering politicians so unpleasant that they will for the future think twice before they meddle with the basic industries of the country.

3. Rescuing the miners from the domination of selfish and ambitious men, who care nothing for the sufferings of their unhappy dupes, so long as they can keep their own jobs and carry out the instructions of those in Russia who are determined to ruin Britain if they can.

Trade Union Reform

By E. T. Good

I APPROACH this subject as an old workman, an old trade unionist, and a diligent investigator into British and foreign labour affairs.

Recent events have provoked a demand for trade union reform which seems likely to prove irresistible. What is the reform to be? It is first necessary to get the faults, follies and failures of trade unionism set out in true focus. There is considerable misconception in some quarters. There is just a danger of prejudiced legislation resulting from the recent "general strike." There is a danger or possibility that many workmen may desert their unions in disgust with current management. That is not the way to real reform. There is a danger that some employers may adopt a high-handed or retaliatory attitude, in consequence of union breaches of agreement. It will be better if all parties carefully weigh up the circumstances before taking any special action. Some action is necessary, but we need not move from one extreme to another. We require fresh legislation and a new spirit. British trade unionism has become unreliable, tyrannical, disposed to break industrial agreements and challenge democratic government. It has become a severe handicap on our trade.

To a large extent trade unionism acts under false pretences. It pretends to aim at improving the conditions of its members. But its policy tends to make things scarce and costly, to increase the cost of living, to reduce the purchasing power of wages, and to limit the volume of wages by driving trade away.

Trade unionism professes to be a democratic institution. It has lately trampled the fundamental principles of democracy underfoot. At no stage in the dispute which led to the recent "general strike" were the workmen, the members of the trade unions, balloted or consulted by their leaders. At no stage in the dispute

which led to the coal mining stoppage were the miners balloted or consulted on their leaders' policy, on the coalowners' terms, on the Coal Commission Report, or on the Government offer. British trade unionism has been both Prussianized and Russianized.

Trade unionism professes to stand for the collective bargain. Indeed, such bargaining is its basic principle. But many present-day leaders of the unions do not hesitate to break bargains at a moment's notice. One trade union leader has announced that on the occasion of the next railway strike "there will be no notice, and trains, their passengers and live stock, will not be brought back to the sheds." Miners' leaders have ordered the "safety men" out on strike, and horses have been abandoned in the pits. British trade unionism has become an autocratic and despotic agency. What is the explanation?

Only a few of our old and experienced trade union leaders, and only a few of the rank and file, are disposed to revolution politically or anarchy industrially. How comes it, then, that so many of the unions so often act wrongly?

It is important to understand the inner workings of the unions. These organizations hold their branch meetings in small rooms. In few cases would there be accommodation for half the members, if they turned up. But nothing like half are sufficiently interested to attend the meetings. As a rule, not more than a dozen or score attend the branches, though the membership often runs into several hundreds. Needless to say, the regular attenders are the men of extreme views, the men seeking delegate or other official positions, men who use the branch meetings for voice-training purposes and personal advancement. This is where the "minority movement" comes in. When trade unions were real industrial organizations, without party or political objects, and were managed by practical workmen within the true functions of trade unionism, the small meetings and votes did not matter very much. But since the unions went in for politics conditions have vastly changed. Many of the most experienced leaders have engaged in political work, and the younger and more wild men strive for political

careers. In these circumstances union business has fallen largely into the hands of young men of extreme and dangerous views. Union branch rooms have become Socialist and Communist debating clubs. The political interests of the unions have changed the character, leadership and policy of organized labour. The ordinary steady-going members make no effort to attend the meetings. Few of them take part in even the most important ballots. This explains how and why the unions have become the hunting-grounds of the Bolshies; why labour movements are run, rules made, officials elected, and policies dictated by mere handfuls of fanatics. This is why contracts are broken, why industries are so frequently dislocated, why principles of democracy are outraged.

Apart from the outstanding case of a national coal strike, and even of a "general strike," without the rank and file being balloted or consulted, there are minority ballots and fraudulent ballots to be taken into account. Herewith are a few cases in recent trade union history. The votes of 50,000 members, mostly the extremists, out of a total membership of 400,000 of the Engineers' Union —one member in eight—served a few years ago to break a notable industrial treaty and embroil 50 other unions in a big fight. An important ballot of the Boilermakers' Union resulted in only 3,172 men voting out of a membership of 114,000. A group of miners' lodges with 4,000 members mustered only 32 votes on a strike issue. A branch of the Union of Railwaymen, with 500 members, only obtained 28 votes on the question of "direct action" against the Government during the period of railway "control." The extremists turned up in full force. They numbered 26. Only 2 moderates put in an appearance. One of them attempted to speak against the extreme policy. He was howled down. The vote of 26 to 2 counted as a full 500-member branch vote for a national strike. There was a strike. Mr. J. H. Thomas asserted in the House of Commons that the men "were absolutely united and determined in their policy." Not one man in ten had voted! But they were all ordered to strike.

As an example of fraudulent ballots the miners'

nationalization vote may be quoted. When the political leaders desired some show of authority for their move, they issued a ballot paper with four separate questions, but only allowed a single "yes" or "no" to cover the lot. The miners could not vote against nationalization of mines—against becoming State servants—without by the same mark voting against better wages, against better working conditions, and even against "justice for discharged soldiers." On that dishonest and farcical ballot the leaders conducted their raging propaganda. Two years after the ballot no less a miners' leader than Mr. Hartshorn openly admitted in a Press article ("South Wales News") that neither he nor his colleagues knew whether the miners wanted nationalization or not, or whether indeed the men understood what nationalization meant.

It was the same leader who warned the miners and the public, shortly after the war, that the Reds were out deliberately to promote strikes, to reduce output, render the conduct of industry impossible, and to discredit every leader who would not support that insane policy. Since then we have seen Mr. Cook, joint author of "The Miners' Next Step," which laid down the policy, elected to the secretaryship of the Miners' Federation on a minority vote—217,000 votes from about a million miners, and we have seen something of the costly results of the Cook policy. Is it not time to reform the trade union ballot? The remedy is a secret ballot of all the members on important questions, the ballot to be conducted through the post, the workers to vote at home, the Government to provide post-free envelopes, and the counting of the votes to be done under proper supervision. The present system of trade union voting is a disgrace to democracy and a danger to the State.

Next there is the question of the right to strike. Since the war we have lost about 300,000,000 man-days by labour disputes directly, plus the unemployment we have suffered through loss of trade caused by the breaking of agreements and uncertainties. America, Germany, France and Belgium put together have not lost so much as we have by strikes. Our policy is suicidal. How can it be altered?

I would vote with both hands for the right to strike, so long as the capitalist system remains, but only with due safeguards. The right to strike in public utility services should be abolished, for reasons I will give in a moment. The rights of employers and the public should be considered. The right to strike ought not to be abused. Agreements ought not to be broken. Men ought not to be called on strike without a proper ballot vote. Democratic government certainly ought not to be challenged by a trade union committee breaking the rules of its own organization.

Some people talk about compulsory arbitration. Some talk about the prevention of strikes. We need neither. We can have neither in a free country. But we do require strikes to be reduced in number and magnitude. A great factor for industrial peace would be the full and secret ballot just mentioned. But more is needed.

There should be a clear distinction between public utility services and ordinary capitalist employments, or trades. I contend that the man who voluntarily joins the Post Office, a public gas, electricity or like undertaking, or the railway service, should not be allowed, nor should he expect, to join any trade union or take part in any strike. Private employers can do much as they like. They can declare a lock-out. They can withdraw from business, if not satisfied. A public utility service is vastly different. Even a railway company cannot declare a lock-out of all its servants in case a section, being members of a union, break an agreement or otherwise seriously offend. A railway company is bound to accept all goods and passengers. Why, then, should railwaymen have the right to strike? We have even had the spectacle of a railway union executive threatening a national railway strike, if the Government did not adopt a certain line of home legislation and of foreign policy. No self-respecting democracy should tolerate such dictation or threats. No nation should have its traffic held up by a revolutionary minority organization.

If a man wishes to retain the right to be a trade unionist, and the right to strike, he ought to remain in private capitalist employment, where employers have the

retaliatory weapon of the lock-out. A man who voluntarily joins a public utility service because he prefers the regularity, the chances of promotion, the pensions and other privileges or advantages, rather than stand the ups and downs of private employment, should not be allowed to organize or strike. If dissatisfied with the service he has freely joined, he should as freely resign. No one tries to force him to remain. But his freedom should be strictly limited to the right to resign. The right to strike ought not to be conceded. Public services are not capitalist profiteering industries. Public service strikes are strikes against the public. In no public service, from the army to street cleansing, should anything in the nature of trade unionism be allowed.

Besides the establishment of compulsory, secret and honest trade union ballots, and the total abolition of trade unionism in public services, we require labour organizations to be brought back within the scope of ordinary law—that is to say, made responsible and accountable for wrongful acts; picketing should be made really "peaceful" or prohibited; and unreasonable demarcation rules and other restrictions which curse British industry should be swept away. British trade would then have a chance to flourish.

The Judicial Link of Empire

By Herbert Bentwich

It is nearly a hundred years since the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council was established by a statute of William IV. Until that enactment the Privy Council had, indeed, from time immemorial, exercised the jurisdiction of a supreme tribunal of appeal from all courts in the Colonies and Possessions of the Crown; but the tribunal was not regularly composed, and any Privy Councillor was entitled to sit at the hearing of appeals if he so listed. The statute established a special judicial body composed of those Privy Councillors who had held high judicial office. Later Imperial legislation has modified the membership by the creation of a number of Lords of Appeal, who sit both in the House of Lords and in the Privy Council, and by giving a place on the committee to those Privy Councillors who have been members of the highest courts in the Dominions and in India. There is now before Parliament a Bill to enable the appointment, on a more permanent footing and with a reasonable remuneration, of two more Indian members of the Committee who must have held high judicial office or have been advocates of long standing before the courts in India. And in the debate upon this measure in the House of Lords it was pointed out by both the Lord Chancellor and Lord Haldane, that if the Privy Council was to carry out its supreme judicial function with proper dignity and authority, there was need of adding to the number of Lords of Appeal. The Court has now to sit regularly in two divisions; and ten judges are necessary for its work.

The King, the Navy, and the Judicial Committee are the three solid and apparent bonds of the Empire; for the rest, the union depends on sentiment. In an unimposing room in Downing Street the Judicial Committee gives final judgment on the most important suits which arise in any part of the King's dominions; it applies every kind of law, British, Roman-Dutch, French, Hindu, Moslem, according to the country from which the appeal is brought; it hears every kind of case, constitutional, civil, or criminal. Each term it passes judgment in some fifty causes—and grants or refuses leave to appeal in as many more—of which the majority come

from India. The tale is well known of the traveller who, arriving at a town in India, saw an idol, and asking what it was, received the reply: "It is a god who has saved the people of this town, and his name is Privy Council." Yet, perhaps, the most remarkable exercise of jurisdiction by the Judicial Committee is concerned not with India, but rather with the self-governing Dominions, the Crown Colonies, and the other territories which enjoy British administration. In dealing with appeals from those courts it is often required to pronounce upon large constitutional questions and fundamental principles of government. During the past year in particular several of its judgments have aroused a widespread interest; and it is an interesting study in Imperial relations to examine a few of the latest decisions.

The first in point of time concerned an appeal from the High Court of Palestine. The mandated territories come within the jurisdiction of the Judicial Committee no less than the Colonies and Protectorates; and an Order in Council issued in 1924 prescribed the conditions of appeal from the Supreme Court of Palestine. The case concerned the water supply of Jerusalem which, from the days of Pontius Pilate, has afforded a problem arousing fierce passions. Owing to the abnormally small rainfall of the winter 1924–1925, the sources of the pipeline which was laid by the British Army for the supply of Jerusalem almost entirely failed; and it was necessary to supplement in some other way the scanty reservoirs of the city. A copious spring was found in the village of Urtas, near Bethlehem, the reputed place of the writing of the "Song of Songs" of King Solomon. The spring was owned by the villagers, and was used for the irrigation of orchards that are still celebrated; but it was calculated that there was flow enough to meet the local needs and at the same time to leave a substantial supply for Jerusalem. Negotiations were opened with the local notables by the municipality of Jerusalem; but they broke down, and it became necessary for the Government to pass special legislation for the purpose of taking over, for a time, the Urtas spring—against payment of compensation to the villagers. The villagers, thereupon, challenged the legality of the legislation in

the Palestine Courts, maintaining that it controverted an article of the Mandate for Palestine which required the mandatory to safeguard the civil and religious rights of all members of the population without distinction of race or religion. The Supreme Court upheld the contention, on the ground that to take the water, even though subject to the payment of compensation to be fixed by arbitration, was "an interference with the civil rights" of the population. Appeal was brought by the Government to the Privy Council; and the Judicial Committee reversed the decision of the Palestine Supreme Court and cleared up any doubts as to the right of the Palestine Legislature to pass ordinances for the good government of the country. The Committee held that, while the court might be right in considering whether any legislation was in accordance with the articles of the Mandate:

> It cannot be the duty of the Court to examine at the instance of any litigant, the legislative and administrative acts of the Administration, and to consider whether in every case they are in accordance with the view held by the Court as to the requirements of natural justice. . . The purpose of the Article in the Mandate is to secure that, in fulfilling the duty which is incumbent on every Government to safeguard the rights from time to time belonging to the whole of the population, the mandatory should not discriminate in favour of persons of any one race or religion.

The second decision of the Judicial Committee which has settled a constitutional question of far-reaching importance for the many places within the "foreign jurisdiction" of the Crown was given in an appeal from Swaziland. That territory, formerly a part of the Transvaal Republic, is now under a British Protectorate. The appeal was brought by the King of the Swazis, Sobhuza II, against an English company, the Swaziland Corporation, which claimed to be absolutely entitled to certain lands under a grant from the Crown. It was alleged that the company had trespassed on the rights of the native occupiers of the land established under an old concession, and had caused them to be ejected from their holdings. The essential question at issue was whether the Crown had the power, in the Protectorate, to pass laws modifying the rights of native owners, and of converting the land into Crown domain. Lord Haldane, in giving the judgment of the Judicial Committee, held that, in the Foreign Jurisdiction Act of 1890, the jurisdiction acquired by the

Crown in a Protectorate is undistinguished in legal effect from that which may be acquired by conquest; and if there was any doubt on the point, the action of the Crown, whether expressed in an ordinance or a proclamation, must be treated as an "act of State," and, as such, not open to question in a British court of law. Thus it would appear that British dominion over a conquered or protected country may be extended by simple order of the Crown. The local legislature in a Protectorate or a mandated country may be limited in its powers by the terms of the instrument which establishes it; but the Crown itself, which is sovereign save in so far as it is restrained by Parliament, is subject to no legal limitations, either in its legislative or executive action. The effective check on arbitrary enactments is provided by moral, and not by legal, factors.

If it is one of the principal Imperial functions of the Judicial Committee to determine the scope and limitations of the legislative power in Crown Colonies and in other places where the Crown exercises direct authority, it still retains its original prerogative of safeguarding the rights and liberties of every individual subject of the King outside the United Kingdom, whether in a civil or in a criminal matter. That prerogative has been exercised for over 800 years, ever since the islands of Jersey and Guernsey came to the Crown of England in virtue of the Duchy of Normandy; and it can be dispensed with only by an Act of Parliament. This principle was authoritatively confirmed by a decision given a few months ago in an appeal brought from the Supreme Court of the province of Alberta in the Dominion of Canada. The point at issue in the appeal seemed curiously trivial, namely, whether a person was properly convicted by a police magistrate of a petty offence created by the local law. But the point of principle was of the highest importance. The legislature of the Dominion passed a law as long ago as 1888 declaring that no appeal should be brought in a criminal matter from the courts of the Dominion; but it was uncertain whether that law was effective to take away the prerogative of the Crown. The issue, though discussed during the last thirty years in a number of cases, had been continually evaded in the judgments of the Judicial Committee. The Committee, however, now decided it,

by holding that the clause in the Dominion Act was of no effect. At the same time they reasserted the rule, which had been many times already declared, that they will not interfere with any judgment in a criminal case, unless there has been a disregard of "the fundamental principles of justice." In this particular appeal, therefore, they refused to interfere with the conviction. Cases do occur every year where the Committee think it fitting to interfere; and they thus exercise a salutary power of redressing individual wrongs similar to that exercised in the Roman Empire by Imperial rescript.

The assertion of the right of the Crown in the Canadian appeal, although coupled with a refusal to exercise it, aroused considerable feeling, and induced an outcry for the suppression altogether of appeals to the Privy Council. One party in Canada has, for some time, agitated for that change, representing that the Supreme Court of the Dominion is competent to pronounce finally on any legal question which may arise. Every now and then some decision of the Judicial Committee which touches the national sensibility of the Canadian people provokes a fresh objection of the kind. Yet there is little likelihood that the extreme demand would be supported by responsible authority. The Privy Council has played a decisive part in moulding the Federal Constitution of the Dominion, and its functions in this respect have been of inestimable value.

Objection of the converse kind was aroused in the British Parliament over an attempt of the Irish legislature to set aside the consequences of a decision of the Judicial Committee. By the terms of the Act of Parliament which embodies the constitution of the Irish Free State, appeal is allowed from the Supreme Court of the State to the Judicial Committee on the same terms as from the self-governing Dominions; and in accordance with that provision the Judicial Committee, allowing an appeal from the Irish Court, held that a clause in one of the Irish Land Acts applied to a certain class of lands. A Bill was proposed immediately in the Irish Parliament to reverse the point of the decision, and to give the law, as amended, retrospective effect. The *démarche* was vehemently attacked in the House of Lords on the ground that it amounted to the abolition of the right of appeal to the

Privy Council which was a necessary protection of the individual. But it was pointed out by the Lord Chancellor that the proposal amounted to no such thing. Legislation designed to reverse an unwelcome legal decision is known in the best regulated States, and whether the decision to be reversed is that of a local or of an Imperial tribunal, the principle is the same. There was no indication, he said, that the Parliament of the Irish Free State desired to abolish appeals to the Privy Council generally; and, in fact, the Judicial Committee has exercised its right of granting leave to appeal in several Free State civil cases without any challenge of its action.

At one period the formation of a single supreme appellate tribunal which would combine the powers of the House of Lords and of the Privy Council in one Supreme Court of Appeal was a standing subject of discussion at Imperial Conferences. Recently, however, the matter has ceased to excite interest and, it is submitted, with good reason. The composition of the House of Lords and the Judicial Committee, though practically identical—since the Lords of Appeal and those judges who have held high judicial office in Great Britain are members of both bodies—differs in that the high judicial officers of the Dominions and of India who are sworn of the Privy Council are members only of the Judicial Committee. It is fitting that the House of Lords, which deals solely with appeals from Great Britain and Northern Ireland, should consist of judges of those countries who have grown up in the practice of their laws. It is fitting, on the other hand, that the Judicial Committee, which has to deal with cases from every part of the Empire and with every variety of legal system, should contain, in addition to the greatest judges of the Mother Country, those who have had experience of the various legal systems of the Empire and can throw light upon the special problems that are raised under the different legislations. The experience of the last hundred years has shown that the Judicial Committee, modified in membership successively by statutes so as to be more representative of the judiciary of the Empire, is the most authoritative body which can be obtained for establishing unity of legal principles in the administration of justice in every country where British rule prevails.

Fascismo

By the Rev. Dr. Biggs

GIOVANEZZA

LAND of heroes, land of glory,
Glory that can never perish,
Fired by faith, thy new-born children
Roma's old traditions cherish;
Warriors' prowess through long ages,
Ventures dared, the risk the wages,
Hopes enshrined in Dante's pages
Challenge us to spread your fame.
Days of youth and youthful dreaming,
Days of spring with beauty teeming,
Manhood's task when harshest seeming
Draws from you its thrill and spur.

Mussolini's quickening summons
Roused Italians near and distant
Not to lose the war's redemption,
But to hold, with grasp persistent,
Fruits of struggle, death, and sadness,
Fruits of victory, peace, and gladness,
So to curb and crash the madness
Of Red scorn for fatherland.
Days of youth, etc.

Farm and factory, desk and easel,
Peasants' cots and nobles' castles
Sent their hosts and proudly swore them
Mussolini's eager vassals;
Each poor street and humble dwelling
Takes its part the ranks in swelling,
Lifts its flag, the triumphs telling
Of redemptive Fascismo.
Days of youth, etc.

The above is a translation, into the metre of the original, of the "triumphal hymn" of the Fascisti. It is sung to the tune and retains the chorus of a song called "Giovanezza," written in 1909 by a young law student of Turin, as a souvenir for his class when their company was dispersed at graduation. It became very popular, and when the young men were called up for the war in 1915, they took it with them to the trenches and the fighting front, where it became as well known as the special song

of our own Toc H. After the war and the establishment of the Fascist Government, three fresh verses were written by Salvator Gotta, which express the guiding motives of Mussolini's policy. They are the call of Italian history, responsibility to those who were killed in the war for keeping firm hold of what was won by their self-sacrifice, and the union of all ranks and classes of Italians in devotion to the claims of their country.

These ideas were brought out with great vividness at the commemoration of the seventh birthday of Fascismo on March 23 last. Everything possible was done by the Government to emphasize the importance of the occasion, and members of the Cabinet addressed crowded meetings on the following Sunday, March 28, at Turin, Genoa, Naples, Palermo, Catania, Florence, Bologna, Como, and Venice, while Mussolini himself presided at a monster gathering in Rome. One note rang through all the speeches, the need of discipline; in the first place to conquer self, and then to be in readiness to meet the great moment of life which might come when it was least expected.

The proceedings at Rome, naturally, were the most characteristic. In the great spaces of the Hippodrome of Villa Glori crowds began to assemble hours before the time fixed for the ceremony, and noticed in front of the tribune from which the speakers were to give their addresses, a lower tribune on which had been erected an altar; near it were the seventy-six standards which were to be consecrated before "Il Duce" presented them to the seventy-six new companies of Fascisti for whose formal enrolment that day had been chosen. Each of these new companies was to bear the name of one of the *caduti*, i.e. Fascisti, who had been killed in the war, and as soon as Mussolini arrived, in his black shirt, the ceremony of consecration was quickly performed by Mons. Quadri, who then kissed the banner of the association of the families of the *caduti*, similar salutes to it being then given by Mussolini and the other speakers. When all the speeches were over, a great procession was formed and passed through the streets to the Piazza Venezia to render homage to the Unknown Soldier as it filed past his tomb.

It is impossible to estimate Fascismo fairly unless account is taken of this continual emphasis on the claims for respect and devotion to the soldiers who gave their

lives for Italy. It is said that Mussolini, on his first day in the trenches, swore as he saw the mounds along the narrow front, "Poor dead comrades, buried on the lonely ranges! I will bear your memory in my heart!" The oath was fulfilled on October 24, 1922, when the first solemn official act of the Fascist Government was to render homage to the Unknown Soldier. Ever since it has been part of the Fascist ceremonial, on all great occasions, to make a solemn visit to the memorials of the *caduti* and adorn them with wreaths.

This is because the Fascismo movement traces back its origin to the days when Italy was being stirred up to intervention in the Great War. For about three weeks in October, 1914, during a short vacancy at the Foreign Office, the Prime Minister, Salandra, took charge of it, and ended his address to the assembled staff with the words, "Sacro egoismo per l'Italia." The words were caught up and widely discussed, but they might be taken as the real inspiration of Fascismo. Within a month after their utterance Mussolini had started his new paper, *Il popolo d'Italia*, with a definite purpose of rousing his fellow-countrymen to recognize that the war had brought them what might be their only opportunity of recovering for Italy its old territories and prestige. Thenceforward the one aim with which he has inspired his associates has been to subordinate all private interest and sympathies to the advancement of their fatherland. So, when it seemed that after the Armistice the hopes of Italy were being shattered through diplomacy abroad and disaffection at home, the little gathering was convened at Milan on March 23, 1919, by Mussolini, and the *Fasci di Combattimento* were inaugurated on the distinct understanding that all who became members had to face a life of continuous and unending struggle; but, as the Crown Prince said at Turin last March, they exerted on the State *azione risanatrice* (restorative effect).

For some months the movement was ignored; the time came when it was attacked, and in February, 1921, a Communist plot, through which a bomb was exploded in the popular theatre of Diana at Milan, resulted in seventeen deaths. As the coffins were carried past the Duomo, the Cardinal Archbishop Ratti stood with his clergy on the steps to give absolution and blessing to

each in its turn; and chief among the mourners were the Fascist companies, seen for the first time in their military formation, with Mussolini riding at their head. The sympathy shown by the Cardinal on this occasion was to pave the way for greater sympathy still when he had become Pope and Mussolini Prime Minister.

For, if the third aim of the triumphal hymn was to be achieved, and Italy was really to be united, the breach which had been kept open for fifty years between Vatican and Quirinal had to be bridged, and in the speech in which he laid down his policy, after receiving his seals of office, Mussolini made it quite clear that such measures as were practicable in that direction he intended to take. His Minister of Education at once sent round a circular, requiring the law, that every school should have on its walls a crucifix and a portrait of the King, to be put into force without delay; and the steady determination to respect the claims of the Catholic Church, evinced in numerous other ways, was signally manifest in the consecration of the banners on March 23.

If on the spiritual side there have been efforts for peace, even more successful have been those made for peace in the economic life of Italy. New laws have established a principle of consultation and co-operation between employers and employed, with the result that practically there is no one out of work, and no one wishes to strike; the old nightmare of interruption and embarrassment to business is over, and the new dream is of what each and all can do to produce wealth, and relieve the poverty of Italy, to establish her credit by compounding foreign debts and stabilizing currency.

That pernicious principle of the Mother of Parliaments, "The function of an opposition is to oppose," brought Italy so near to ruin that for the period of its reconstruction it was necessary to prevent opposition; and the freedom of the Press which has been curtailed is the freedom to be dirty, disloyal, and destructive. Italy has to be united, and is learning to display a union like that of a great choir and orchestra, which achieve their rendering of a noble oratorio by unquestioning submission to their conductor. Hence Mussolini's affectionate title of "Il Duce"; hence his insistence that in all times and circumstances the chief task of Italians is to "obey."

Among the Brigand Armies

By Mrs. Malcolm King

In the first "Great Heat," as the Chinese term that period of the summer, I found myself steaming into the little treaty port of Ichang on my way up the Yangtse, through the great gorges, to the rock city of Chungking. These rugged gorges extend for five hundred miles through the brigand-haunted provinces of Hupeh and Szechuan, and their wild, rocky sides only begin to fall away into low-peaked hills as the waters widen and Chungking comes in sight.

This treaty port of Ichang, which stands at the head of the lower river, is a thousand miles from the sea, and is of considerable trade importance, being the channel through which passes all the silk and oil trade of Szechuan, perhaps the richest province in China. It is also a hotbed of illicit opium smuggling, and the streets are in consequence usually full of ragged soldiers, who take to looting everything that they can lay hands on if they are kept more than eight or nine months in arrears with their pay.

Here I discovered that there were no Upper River boats due for several days, but thanks to a British oil company I was offered a free passage in their small tanker; and accordingly about 5 a.m. next morning, before the sun had driven away the pearly mists, we slipped into mid-stream, and very soon had left the sleeping river world of Ichang behind, and were swallowed up in the narrow portals of the first gorge.

The trip passed without any of the exciting incidents of my previous journeys, and beyond an ominous quiet, and a strange absence of junk traffic, we steamed past the danger zones without sighting a brigand and without a shot being fired. At Wan Hsien, however, where we anchored for the second night, we learned that the Chinese had cut the telegraph wires, and that consequently the message to the Consul at Chungking announcing the day of my arrival had not got through. This was awkward, especially as on the fifth morning, when we reached the oil installation, nine miles below the city, I discovered that the tanker unloaded her oil there, and did not go on to Chungking as I had expected. However, after a

good deal of delay the difficulty was overcome by the manager lending me his chair, collecting seven coolies, and sending me up the last few miles in his launch.

Chungking breasts the swirling waters of the Yangtse like some ancient galleon. It is impossible to describe the strange fascination and desolate splendour of this city built on a rock, rising as it does almost sheer out of the river. Right down its grey sides cling a thousand mat huts supported in front by stilt-like poles; and flights of steps (between three and four hundred) lead up to the first narrow shelf of rock, which does duty for a street. The river frontage is lined with junks and sampans, and in order to land one has to cling to anything that comes handy, and clamber over sometimes a dozen boats to reach the steps which form the main arteries of the city. From the landing-place on the opposite side of the river I could see an endless mass of moving figures winding ceaselessly up and down with their burdens—looking across the wide waters like ants laboriously working out their allotted tasks.

Three of the coolies having slung my luggage to their poles, I settled into my chair, and was raised on to the shoulders of the remaining four. They padded up the steep mud bank, their bare feet swift and sure, and then entered the village that meandered up the base of the hills. There was more room here than in the cramped city across the river, and the dark mat-roofed streets, lined with shops full of smoking foods, were unusually wide. Ponies, mostly ridden by soldiers, clattered up and down the frequent flights of steps, careless of itinerant pedlars beating their gongs, of professional ear-cleaners and barbers, who ply their trade in public, and the children who swarm in every Chinese village. Soldiers were everywhere—they lay asleep in rows on bare tables, or sat chattering in the tea-houses, shovelling rice into their mouths from tiny bowls.

In the midst of this verminous medley of humanity we suddenly came upon the figure of a woman, standing alone, like an exquisite jewel against her filthy surroundings. She was neatly clothed in the old Chinese fashion of pink silk bodice and black trousers, her delicate little head of glistening black hair was dressed with seed-pearl

pins, and her tapering fingers were stained with vermilion at the tips. She may have been the wife, or more likely a concubine, of one of the Chinese Generals who had his quarters in the town.

It was not long before we emerged from the dark, alleyed street, hot with swarms of people, into the open air, and began to wind along a narrow paved path that led up to the first range of hills. On the slopes were scattered groves of cyprus trees marking where the honoured scholars were laid to rest, whilst hundreds of tiny mounds told where the poor were buried. As we mounted above the leaden humidity of the river, the air grew fresh and sweet, and the long shadows of late afternoon were spreading in the wooded hollows. It was delicious to swing through the air to the smooth glide of the chair, to dip into dark groves of pines and then to wind up amongst the feathery bamboos, often catching a glimpse of the river, now burnished gold by the setting sun.

Up and up we climbed, until the grey crags that had looked so far ahead were actually under the coolies' feet, and we had entered a small hamlet that lay on the crest of the first range, commanding a view over both valleys. It also was occupied by an army, and I noticed that the soldiers were wearing the same blue tabs on their arms as those we had passed in the town below. A sentry stopped my chair, but one of the coolies said something in Chinese and I was allowed to pass into the evil-smelling, mat-covered street. It was packed with well-armed men, and I did not quite like the way my chair coolies had to push their way among the ragged soldiers, who handled their rifles none too carefully. But we got through safely, and by the help of a hastily-lit cigarette I soon forgot the awful stench and intimate, but not pleasant, sights I had unwillingly witnessed.

Down the narrow flagged path we went, into the lovely green valley, and then up again towards the peaks of the second range. Half-way up the coolies stopped and set down my chair, and I gathered that it was a halt for rest. Emerging again from under the dark foliage on to the open hills, I noticed with some concern that the valley below was now all in shadow, and that it would not be

long before darkness descended. Then the worst happened, we lost the way; but at last we stumbled upon a tiny pathway, and soon after rounding a sharp bend came upon the back premises of a small building. Jumping out of my chair I burst unceremoniously into a dimly-lit room, where a missionary and his family were supping. They were very kind, and sent one of their servants with a lantern to show my chair-bearers the way, and we eventually arrived at the little white moonlit bungalow belonging to my friends.

All was in darkness; but a bang or two on the door brought the "number one" boy, and, fortunately, he knew me and let me in. For an hour I sat alone by the light of one candle, in a stillness and quiet so intense that it could almost be felt, till I heard steps and English voices outside, and rushed joyfully to meet my surprised hosts.

On waking next morning I rose and strolled on to the veranda that ran round three sides of the house, anxious to see by daylight where it lay. I found it was perched on the top of a crag, the rock and earth falling away on all sides; on one hand a narrow canyon separated us from the second range of hills, whilst on another the windows overlooked a glorious sweeping valley, stretching away for miles to a bend of the Yangtse far down the gorges. The river shone like a silver lake in the still morning light, and the blue hills surrounding it rose faintly against a white, luminous sky.

For a few days nothing unusual happened, though wild rumours had been flying about for some time that three armies were mustering on the frontier of the next province, Honan, preparatory to marching on Chungking. We explored the lovely hills in the cool of the evenings, played tennis at the few bungalows perched on the second range, and dined in one or other of them at night.

But one night soon the trouble came. Under cover of darkness an army from the interior had silently streamed up the Kwei Jo road, which stretched away into Honan, and daylight found it installed on the ridge of the first range, between us and the city. It had all happened so quickly that I and my hostess found ourselves alone in the bungalow, completely cut off, the river traffic across

to Chungking being perforce suspended and the city under siege. All day we could hear the intermittent rattle of the machine-guns, and as news slowly filtered through we learned that the besieging army under General Chou had taken up its quarters in the little hamlet through which I had passed on my journey up the hills. The troops I had seen there had apparently fled down to the river at the first alarm and had crossed in a fleet of sampans to the comparative safety of the city. From there they retaliated, the base of the rock being posted with snipers, who picked off anyone rash enough to come into the open or attempting to get down the mud bank to the river.

On the second day of the siege two adventurous men, cut off like ourselves from the city, decided to go down in their chairs and call on the General, to discover if possible his intentions. He received them with great courtesy, apologizing for the presence of his army, and promising to give strict orders to his soldiers not to disturb or harm any foreigners in the bungalows around. Our friends described him as a good-looking man of about twenty-four, wearing a light blue uniform and patent leather pumps. He was very friendly, and affected what he imagined to be an easy foreign manner by putting his strangely-clad feet on the table while he chatted through the medium of an interpreter. Before they left he insisted that his visitors should watch a machine-gun, of which he was very proud, firing off a few rounds in the general direction of the city.

After the first days of rumours and excitement life in the hills resumed its normal course, and undisturbed by intermittent firing we played our evening tennis and visited our friends behind the lines. On the fourth day of the siege things began to be more serious, for our supplies were running dangerously low, and the last bag of flour had been pooled. So again a deputation went across the valley and arranged with the friendly General that, if his rival in the city would agree, firing should cease on both sides for two hours whilst a few foreigners crossed the river to collect mails and bring back some badly-needed provisions. This was arranged, and so well were the orders carried out that not a single rifle shot cracked across the deserted river, and the launch returned in

safety. We were very much relieved to get word that the Consul was quite safe, though a shell had found its way amongst the tangle of flowers in his garden, and that there was plenty of food to be obtained.

For the next three days it became the custom of some of us to go down through the village where the attacking army was quartered, and under cover of the wall creep into the little Club right below on the river bank and watch the firing. It was foolish, and unfair to the Chinese in case someone had been killed, but we were lucky and no one was hit. The poles of one chair were grazed by a bullet, and all the windows of the club were smashed, but this only added to the excitement and gave an extra flavour to the drinks.

The siege lasted for a week, and we soon discovered that under cover of his machine-gun our debonair friend was looting the Mint. Behind the line of fire coolies and soldiers could be seen day after day with loaded ponies journeying to and fro, rifling the Mint of its copper cash—an occupation more congenial to the brigand soldiers than fighting.

After seven days the investing army disappeared as quickly and mysteriously as it had come, and the river traffic spread once more like a swarm of flies across to the city. The villager and the coolie no longer went in dread of the *lafoo*, and our servants could cross to the city to shop without danger of a rope being thrown round their shoulders. For the *lafoo* is the rope of compulsion, and is used by the armies to impress labour without payment. Sometimes when their ranks are thin, they put these miserable prisoners into ragged uniforms and place in their unwilling hands rifles which they have not the slightest idea how to use. When there is no further need for them, they are just left by the wayside, often far from home, without money or food.

Next day we were returning along the top of the second range after a swim in a cool, green lake, when we came suddenly upon a strange and picturesque sight. Right along the Kwei Jo road, winding across the valley almost to our feet, straggled a long blue line. It was the city troops pursuing the retreating forces. Along the flagged path the ragged army streamed, hot and weary, sheltering

under their orange umbrellas, burnt to a brilliant flame by the rays of the setting sun. I sat down a few yards from the road and watched this absurd procession, humour and pathos struggling for mastery. Although most of their uniforms were mere rags tied up with string, the rank and file were well supplied with ammunition, and each man carried an umbrella, a rifle, and a fan, as part of his regulation outfit. Except the officers, who rode on ponies, none of them wore shoes, and very few boasted hats; they looked half-starved, and very different from the bold-looking soldiers of the bandit army.

After a fortnight of peace, rumours crept along the hills that General Chou was hiding somewhere near in preparation for another attack on Chungking. These rumours were coloured by the fact that the tea-house at the cross roads was filled with city troops and pickets placed at vantage spots along the range. Even the little Mission church had been annexed, and a crowd of dirty soldiers slept there at night and gambled by daylight, all the time keeping a wary eye on the path running like a white ribbon into the next province. Every night before going to bed we used to stroll out to search the darkness for stray lanterns moving in the valley below, but the only light was from fireflies, and the only sound the barking of frogs.

As so often happens, the obvious did not occur, and trouble appeared from an entirely unexpected quarter. It was a hot, moonless night, and we were due to dine at one of the neighbouring bungalows, so taking sticks and a "chin ping" to carry a lantern, we started off. Up and down the tiny path meandered on the top of the range, dipping through thick pine woods and undergrowth, and never once breaking cover and emerging under the open sky. Feathery bamboos brushed our faces as we stumbled along by the patchy light of the lantern, and there was no sound to be heard even from the usually noisy crickets. At length we arrived, and were not sorry to sink into comfortable chairs and sip the refreshingly iced cocktails.

After dinner we wandered out on the veranda and settled down to play bridge in the mosquito-netted enclosure which is attached to every bungalow. Presently I became conscious of a faint noise coming up from the

blackness of the valley, but at first did not take much notice, thinking it to be the sound of fire crackers lit by some villager to keep the devils away. But very soon I became acutely conscious that it was nothing more nor less than firing, mingled with the dull roar of a mass of men coming gradually nearer. Strangely enough no one said a word, each determined not to be the first to give the alarm, and we continued our game as if nothing were happening, stupidly sitting exposed in the concentrated glare of two oil-lamps. The roar pressed closer, and still we sat shouting our declarations above the now tremendous noise—absurdly British in an extremely un-British setting. It was, of course, the bandit army passing along the little path that lay twenty yards below where we sat.

Suddenly the sharp ping of a bullet fired from the back of the bungalow whistled past the mosquito netting, and we guessed that one of the pickets had slipped down from the rock above and was utilizing our walls as a cover from which to fire down on the advancing enemy. This at last forced us to abandon our pretence of a game, and retreating into the living-room we sat on the table looking out of the open windows, thoroughly enjoying the danger and excitement. The noise of firing and shouting was terrific, and it was a curious sensation to know that we could be seen by, yet could not ourselves see, the army that was pouring past.

For half-an-hour pandemonium raged, then suddenly ceased as the last of the soldiers scrambled over the top of the range and began to trail down the opposite valley towards their old quarters on the outer hills. So completely did the rocks cut off all sound of the disappearing army that the silence that followed was intense—no one spoke—until the liquid notes of a flute broke out into the night like a shower of silver bells. Where the music came from we could not tell, but it was strange and sweet after the tortured clamour, and seemed to be a message saying that all was well and that we could go safely home to bed. At any rate, we said "Good-night," and started along the footpath that the soldiers had just taken, branching off into the woods to our bungalow.

Next day we heard that others had not fared so well,

for some of the houses had been stormed and food and clothes taken, whilst two had been used as positions from which to fire down on the city outposts. Luckily only one foreigner had been hurt by a bullet, which had hit the woodwork of his lighted doorway, sending a splinter into his eye. Only in one place, too, had the opposing forces come to grips, and that was probably merely by accident, as the Chinese, in spite of their supposed blood-thirsty character, are not a fighting race. This "scrap" occurred on a tennis court on which we frequently played, and was watched from above with much interest by the owner and his family. After a few wild shots, a scuffle or two, and no loss of life, the battle was over, and the blue-banded soldiers were allowed to escape down the hills.

This second siege happened during the week-end, so that the Consul and the few men who lived in Chungking during the week were with us, and were only too glad of the excuse to stay away from the intolerably hot and fetid city. We had many parties, therefore, and tennis, and the presence of danger only added a keener edge to our enjoyment. There was serious talk of the city falling this time, but in reality everyone knew that it was only a question of bribery. The Generals regularly threw in their lot with the side that paid the best, and our brigand friend himself had only two months before been attached to the Northern army, which was now holding Chungking. He soon turned traitor, however, and used against the city the arms that Wu Pei Fu had given him, retiring afterwards to the stronghold of the hills.

We were awakened the morning after our disturbed bridge party by repeated knocks at the door, and as the servants did not appear to hear or were frightened, the Consul in his pyjamas went to find out who it was. A young Chinese officer stood on the veranda, and explained with many apologies that he had been sent by General Chou to inform us that he was once more in his old quarters besieging the city, but that he had instructed his soldiers to inconvenience us as little as possible. With that he bowed again, and jumping on his pony galloped out of sight down the steep path.

Later in the day the Consul and the captain of a British gunboat who was staying with us put on their

uniforms and paid a formal call on the rebel chief. At the entrance of the dark evil-smelling village they were stopped by an officer with an armed guard, but on explaining in Chinese that they had come to pay their respects to the General, were conducted through the narrow streets to his quarters. The chair coolies had to push their way through a seething mass of soldiers, with rifles pointed dangerously in all directions, but finally the visitors arrived safely to find the General surrounded, in great state, by his staff. One could hardly call it a room, as it only had three sides, the fourth being open to the street, and the only furniture it contained was a wooden table, two chairs and a bench.

The General was apparently delighted to see them and asked a lot of amusing questions, evidently deeply curious as to foreign ways. He had none of the social stiffness of the educated Chinese, and it was therefore possible to get a better idea of his character as a man. Although unwashed, his delicately-cut features and exquisite long fingers gave him the appearance of fine quality that so many of the Chinese possess, and about his eyes and forehead he had that touch of asceticism and inherent culture noticeable in some of the temple priests. In reality he was a daring soldier of fortune with but one absorbing aim, the desire for wealth. For this end he carelessly ran enormous risks, knowing full well that, if he failed, the Chili war lord, Wu Fei Pu, who had been his former Commander-in-Chief, would without a moment's hesitation have him beheaded. He told his visitors frankly that his ambition was to amass sufficient riches to enable him to slip quietly down the great river to Shanghai, and there, in the safety of international protection, enjoy cinemas and theatres, and contact with foreign life. With this end in view, no doubt, his men were again rifling the Mint, and as the two white men were getting into their chairs, a string of coolies passed, bearing heavy wooden boxes full of cash.

Once more the siege lasted a week, and on the seventh night lines of tiny lights, like glow-worms, moved slowly along the Kwei Jo road below. It was the lanterns of the brigand army retiring, with the spoil, to their unknown retreat in the distant hills.

Translation and the Translator

By E. W. Adams, O.B.E., M.D.

In these facile days when the quantum theory is being applied to all departments of knowledge, and science, art, and literature are being presented in fifteen-penny packets calculated to furnish the exact mental pabulum for a fortnight, there is little inducement to walk in any but the easiest paths. We are becoming more and more accustomed to take even our own language in small doses, and it is hardly wonderful that many of us refuse to swallow at all the unfamiliar words of a foreign tongue. We will not have the classics at any price except in an English dress, and not often then. We may, perhaps, learn enough French, Spanish, Italian, or German to make our wants known should we happen to travel those countries, or for business purposes, but how often do we read a word for pleasure in those literatures? We are fortified in our inertia by the knowledge that so great a man as Emerson thought that all that was best in a book was translatable, and we press his cheerful generalization further perhaps than he intended. At any rate we tend to rely more and more upon the translator for our acquaintance with thought expressed in other languages than our own. It would be well, however, if we were sometimes to pause and try to balance the advantages and disadvantages of our easy-going attitude, for the disadvantages of relying upon even an excellent translation are very real, though not so obvious as the conveniences. The two sides of this question are, indeed, more nearly isosceles than is the case with most problems. It may be profitable to consider afresh from some new angles both aspects, and to inquire a little more closely than is usually done into the proper function of the translator and the things which he can and cannot reasonably be expected to do.

The original text in which any great work is written may be compared to a particle of radium which sheds its rays in emanations of varying penetrative powers. Just

as a screen of metal or other foreign material will in the case of radium cut off and prohibit the passage of certain rays of low penetrability, so translation, by interposing a screen of alien words, will stop certain energies which stream out from the original. What is more unfortunate still, the loss in translation is even more serious than our analogy would seem to indicate. For while with radium it is only the coarser rays which are thus checked, in the case of a book it is the finer and more delicate emanations which fail to come through the screen.

Another simile will also help us to understand more clearly the limitations of translation. The thought of a writer is brought to a focus by the language he employs just as a ray of light is brought to a focus by means of a lens. If one language be substituted for another, we are in the position of having to employ a new lens of different focal length, and it is just as possible to distort a thought as it is to distort an accurately focused beam into an unseemly blur by using an unsuitable glass. More, the new language may even have a prism-like action, dispersing the thought just as an ordinary prism breaks the purity of a white ray into a medley of many colours. The thought is scattered by the alien nomenclature.

Thought, contravening every known biological law, is born in its clothes, and they who attend its nativity must needs combine sartorial skill with the art of the midwife. The contour and physique of thought are modelled by time and topography and its clothes are cut by the same artists. Now language is the garment of thought, and the relation is so intimate that to separate thought from its garment is not to strip, but to flay. Thought is, indeed, naked when first conceived within the brain, but as it roams the chambers of the mind, it gathers apparel until at length it emerges arrayed splendidly like a flower or a beautiful woman. No clothes can so become it as those in which it first sees the light, for its contour is determined by its point in time and space. Roman and Greek thought, for example, wore the flowing robe, that of the twentieth century is clad in breeches; and in both cases the garment is appropriate for the shape it is designed to cover. And so of other countries and other times, and so of thought of the same

time, but of different domiciles. Its re-expression in a translation is a re-birth, and in its palingenesis the new garment can never fit so well as that originally designed. Yet the image is still inadequate, for language is more than the mere trapping of thought. There is in the relation an equipaternity, for language may beget thought or be begotten of it. "Give them the words that the ideas may come." "Sir," said Johnson, "a man cannot make fire but in proportion as he has fuel. He cannot coin guineas but in proportion as he has gold." It is certain that a language gives direction to the thoughts of the thinkers who use it, and that that language alone may be the perfect instrument for the expression of some particular idea. It would be impossible to translate the thoughts of a Keats or a Shelley into the holophrastic language of the peoples of Tierra del Fuego. This is an extreme case; but Burns has told us that his ideas were more barren in English than in Scotch, and it is as true to say of Plato that his language necessitates his philosophy as that his philosophy necessitates his language. There are, therefore, circumstances in which translation must fail, and we must go to the original tongue or be content to remain outside the circle of those who are admitted to the thought in its entirety.

Besides this intimate connection between thought and language there is yet another serious difficulty which besets the translator. A thinker, working with the language which constitutes his own special tool, fashions the receptacle of his thought after the distinctive pattern for which his implement is particularly adapted. This receptacle may sometimes be unlocked by an alien key, but it is not always possible to ensure transference of the thought to a fresh receptacle bearing a reasonably exact likeness to the first in design. The new tool does its work in a different fashion. For not only must the thought be reproduced as exactly as possible in the substituted language, but an attempt must also be made to reproduce the rhythm, cadence, or harmony which accompanied its enunciation. There is, in addition, that elusive quality to deal with which can, perhaps, best be described by borrowing the word "timbre" from music. Just as a piece primarily written for the violin cannot be rendered

without loss upon some other instrument, though the performer in each case plays the same notes, so it is that ideas intended for expression in one language cannot without loss be given out in another. This is due in both cases to the loss of, or some alteration in, the overtones. This is not to be regretted, for each language possesses its own genius, its own tutelary spirit, nor can thought have too many runnels and channels for its conveyance. A universal language is not to be wished for except as a formal convenience for more or less formal intercourse. Had there been but one language upon the earth, a pinching or stereotyping of thought would have been the inevitable result. Babel was well worth the cost of an unfinished tower.

This notwithstanding, we need not subscribe without a mental reservation to the proverb: *Traduction est trahison*. In spite of the organic connection between thought and language we must, on occasion, avail ourselves of the translator and risk the treason. Even they who sit in the seat of the learned have not all languages at their disposal. The plain man, too, quite rightly, will not acquiesce in the proposition that the glories of a foreign masterpiece should be exclusively reserved for "ourselves and a few friends." Our unlearned brother may, indeed, be a better man than ourselves. By the aid of Chapman Keats became a Grecian without Greek. No nation is so mentally rich that it can afford to deprive itself of that mutual commerce in the goods of the mind which is as essential for spiritual repletion as trade in material is for bodily satisfaction. We must needs both import and export thought, and in this traffic the translator is an invaluable middleman whenever we find it difficult or impossible to deal direct with the original producer. There is this much at least to be said for him, that unlike the ordinary intermediary, he cheapens thought in the best sense rather than tends to make it more costly.

Moreover, it is not logical to condemn translation *qua* translation. Strictly speaking, the world holds as many languages as there are persons in it, and without translation of some sort no real communication of ideas would be possible. When we write or speak, we do not

mean to a point what even our next-door neighbour means when he makes use of the same form of words. Whether we read our own language or that of another race, we have to undertake, each one for himself, translation of our author's thought into terms of our own notation. The unlikeness between our immediate neighbour's speech and our own is comparable with that between our native tongue and the code of an alien. To use a phrase of which we are all heartily sick, the dissimilarity is one merely of degree, not of kind. Even those superior persons who hold that the translator is the very devil dare not, therefore, bring a railing accusation against him.

What is gained in power is lost in distance. There is natural law in the literary world as well as in the spiritual, and this law of dynamics operates just as forcefully in the realm of letters as in that of physics. The force and power of the original thought are best conveyed to us in the language in which it is enunciated, but the journey to the thought is much shorter if we make use of some artificial means of conveyance. It is like taking the train for some distant spot instead of walking. We are not by this method made so familiarly acquainted with the details of the country traversed, but we are able to cover distances otherwise unattainable. It is time, therefore, to apply ourselves to the consideration of the exact nature of the craft which is plied by the translator.

Now when we wish to get at the real meaning of a key-word, there is a very simple plan which we can adopt, and that is to insert a mental hyphen between its significant syllables. If we do this in the present case, we shall see clearly what the real work of the translator is. He is a ferryman. His prime duty is to ferry across safely, and with as little loss as he can, a precious cargo from an alien shore to his own native land. His work is done, however, under peculiar difficulties and disadvantages which do not beset the ordinary carrier. In the first place, there is not a cargo boat to be had of sufficient tonnage to convey the whole load. Very often, too, he fails to satisfy completely his hirers, for seldom are they convinced that his goods have not suffered by the journey. Rarely do we mark the packages: "Examined and received in good condition." Or, if he

satisfies one generation, the next refuse his services and prefer to hire some other ferryman. His work, unlike the famous bookcase, is never complete and always unfinished. His labour endures not, for most translations are ephemeral. Where a translation has attained permanency, it will be found in nearly all such cases that the ferryman, having borne goods of price of which he is the owner, as well as those of another, has unloaded a mixed cargo at the home port. In spite, too, of its insufficient tonnage, his craft has its Plimsoll mark, which if he ignore, his frail skiff will founder in the deep waters.

But he is an expert in his own line. He can make journeys and traverse distances which are impossible for us. His tribe owns a fleet of greater tonnage than any one of us can hope to possess, and we can employ as many of his units as we please. He is a skilled navigator and we do well to heed the Socratic advice to make wise use of the specialist.

The upshot of the matter is that we must learn the original language where we can, and thankfully accept the aid of the translator where we cannot. The toil of undertaking the task of making acquaintance with an author's own words has its exceeding great reward, for the bilingual reader does not translate at all but comes direct without intermediary straight to the thought. An author cannot speak to you *through yourself* by a translation. That sums up in a phrase the prime disadvantage of all translations, and it is a very serious one. You cannot conduct a conversation *à deux*, but must take with you to the interview a third person in whom you are not greatly interested. Your author cannot open his heart fully to you, but inevitably adopts certain reticences. Yet it is better to interview an immortal through an interpreter than to have with him no speech at all. And there we must leave it.

A Royal Oddity

By Mary D. Steuart

"She speaks Latin, French, German, Flemish, and Swedish; and she is learning Greek. Learned persons converse with her, in her leisure hours, of all that is most abstruse in the various sciences. Her intellect, eager for all kinds of knowledge, seeks information about everything. Hardly a day passes without her reading Tacitus—an author whom she calls her game of chess, and whose style is absolutely intelligible to her, though perplexing to many of the erudite."

"She hardly ever speaks to the ladies of her court, for her addiction to sport and her interest in affairs of State leave her no time to engage in small talk with them. She does not seek their society; they only pay her formal visits, and then, after an interchange of the ordinary civilities, she leaves them to themselves in a corner, and turns to converse with men."

"I have never seen her wear any ornament of gold or silver in her hair or round her neck, nor is there any gold or silver embroidery on her clothes. In fact, her only article of jewellery is a ring. Nor does she use rouge or paint. Her hair is only dressed once a week—at times only once a fortnight. On Sundays she devotes half an hour to her toilet—on weekdays only quarter of an hour. Often, when conversing with her, I have noted that her chemise was splashed with ink; and I have sometimes remarked that her linen was torn. When she is reminded that she ought not to be so careless, she replies that she leaves that sort of thing to people who have time for it."

"She only allows herself three or four hours' sleep, going to bed very late, and getting up very early. For eighteen months at a stretch she has done with as little as three hours' sleep a day. As soon as she is up she devotes five hours to reading. It is a penance to her to have to dine in company; and when she dines alone she is barely half an hour at table. She drinks nothing but

water, and is never heard to criticize her food or to remark that it is well or badly cooked."

Here, in a few paragraphs, stands Queen Christina of Sweden, as she appeared, a newly-crowned sovereign of eighteen, to the various ambassadors, who hastened to pen long epistles to their masters on the subject of this astonishing royal prodigy. Here is the daughter of that valiant soldier Gustavus Adolphus and his pretty, silly wife, Marie-Eléonore of Brandenburg, as emotional and empty-headed a nonentity as ever occupied a queen consort's throne. The progeny of such parents would have been an interesting study for a psycho-analyst, and Christina's whole career is that of a highly neurotic woman, possessed of the father's strong character and intellect, put out of gear, as it were, by the brainless emotion of the mother. Her upbringing did not tend to soften her hereditary peculiarities. Gustavus Adolphus was killed in 1632, when she was only six years old. For four years she remained in charge of her mother, in an atmosphere of extravagant mourning for her father, and extravagant affection for herself, varied only by the antics of the dwarfs, manikins, and specimens of mis-shapen humanity with which Marie-Eléonore loved to surround herself. When the young princess was ten, the Council of Regency realized that this was no way to bring up their future queen. She was taken away from her mother (a separation which caused her no regrets) and lived almost entirely under the influence of men, with Oxenstiern, the Chancellor, a fine, upright, sagacious statesman, to guide her feet into the right paths so far as her country was concerned. At eighteen she was declared of age and crowned. The Council of Regency was dispensed with, and Christina, the learned, untidy girl, half soldier and sportsman, half pedagogue and savant, took the reins into her own hands.

When she began to reign, the country was in all the turmoil of the Thirty Years War, but the Swedes loved war. Gustavus Adolphus was their hero, and when they saw his daughter attending reviews in her scarlet tunic and breeches, saluting like a man, and even twirling a pair of imaginary moustaches, they were ready to make her their national heroine. Oxenstiern was delighted

with his pupil's prowess in State affairs, and Europe watched curiously through the eyes of ambassadors and envoys to see what this brilliantly eccentric queen would do next. It must have been from one of her maternal ancestors, some remote Italian princess perhaps, who married into the House of Brandenburg, that Christina inherited a love of art and learning. She saw herself in the guise of an Isabella d'Este, or a Duchess of Ferrara, only greater, surrounded by a court of artists and men of letters, filling her palaces with books, pictures, and statues, founding colleges and museums, and heralding a rosy dawn of Swedish Renaissance. It was this strain, and the overweening ego, which led her to believe that the rays of the dawning Renaissance, or the rays of the stage limelight, must always strike full upon the figure of Christina of Sweden, which transformed her destiny from that of an Elizabeth of England, or a Maria Theresa of Austria, into that of a mere royal oddity.

The first step to be taken by a budding patroness of learning was to collect her court of savants. As these could not be supplied by her own country, Christina applied for help to Chanut, the French ambassador, who had told her about the gatherings at the Hotel de Rambouillet, and the patronage that fashionable Parisian ladies extended to art and letters, making their salons into little republics to which brains and not birth gave the right of entrée. Chanut gave her the names of scholars, and the queen sent each one an invitation to Stockholm. She met with as many refusals as acceptances. Learned men who were comfortably established in Paris, Leyden, or Vienna had no inclination to face a stormy sea passage, followed by weary days of jolting over roadless tracts of lands in vehicles that only courtesy could dignify by the name of carts. However, several of them did answer to the call, and were received with grace and favour by Christina. There was Vossius, who taught her Greek, became her librarian, stole her books, appropriated funds, and finally ended his varied career as a Canon of Windsor. There was Nicholas Heinsius, who succeeded Vossius as librarian, and collected books, honestly for the queen. There was Naudæus, who studied

the dances of the ancients, and Meibom, the great authority on their music. There was Bochart, a learned French theologian, and many another lesser light. But the greatest of all Christina's catches was Descartes, the philosopher of world renown, whom she had enticed away from his jealous mistress Elizabeth, Princess Palatine, that learned daughter of James I. He was fairly dazzled by the distinction with which he was received and the honours showered upon him, all of which he proceeded to describe in a series of letters to the angry Elizabeth. Christina was triumphant, but her triumph was of short duration. Her days, as we know, began early, and Descartes was instructed to attend her in her library every morning at 5.30. The unfortunate philosopher was used to comfort; moreover, the season was late autumn, when the mornings were dark and icy cold. He did his best, and struggled on for two months, then, to Christina's great grief, he died of a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs.

The queen was perfectly happy in tending that delicate plant of culture, in trying to acclimatize it in her chilly kingdom, and in working eighteen or twenty hours a day, but her subjects were not. Oxenstiern noticed that his pupil was less attentive to affairs of State than of yore; the nobles saw that she wanted to end the war without caring whether Sweden got any advantages out of it or not; the courtiers were disgusted at the favour shown to low-born foreigners; the clergy were annoyed because she read Virgil or played with her dogs while they preached; and the common people groaned over the taxes they had to pay in order to provide her with money for books, pictures, and salaries. One and all were united in their dislike of culture. They wanted a powerful sovereign whose private expenditure was no more than Gustavus Adolphus's (three per cent. of the revenues, instead of twenty, like Christina's) who would bestow honours and offices upon his generals, who would be a "good fellow" to the men, and who would lead them to plunder and loot in other countries, and light up his reign with a blaze of military glory. They despised art, they detested the foreign scholars, and they had no intention of acting as a hot-bed for Christina's plants of

culture. Moreover, they wanted the succession to the throne settled, and after a flirtation with her cousin, Charles Augustus, and another with Magnus de la Gardie, one of the nobles, she had just announced that she intended to remain a virgin queen.

She was unpopular, and her nature was such that she must stand in the centre of everything. Then her health gave way. In common parlance she had a nervous breakdown, the inevitable result of her way of living. Her Swedish physicians composed nauseating decoctions for her, but she became worse instead of better. Then, one of her foreigners, a Frenchman named Bourdelot, calmly told the Swedes that a complete change of treatment was necessary. They were furious, but he persisted. Instead of feeling her pulse and examining her tongue, he sat down beside her, produced a guitar, and sang a gay little chanson to his own accompaniment. Christina was amused. Then he told her that the French laughed at bluestockings, and she was impressed. The next step was to persuade her to laugh. He succeeded. Christina got better rapidly, and with the assistance of her doctor she startled the court by a series of practical jokes. One of her inheritances from her father was a Rabelaisian sense of humour. She taught indecent French verses to such of her ladies as knew no French, and ordered them to give a recitation before the whole court, roaring with laughter when she saw the countenances of the audience change. On another occasion she made a protesting Doctor of Divinity play battledore and shuttlecock with her. In fact, she completely changed her way of life for a time, and in so doing prepared the way for two other great changes which were soon to come.

Christina had always disliked the Lutherans; moreover Chanut and all the most delightful people she had ever known were Catholics. If by any chance she became a Catholic, the Pope and the whole priesthood would rise up to receive her with open arms, and her name would ring through the whole of Europe. The Swedes were devotedly Lutheran. They would never consent to a Catholic queen. If, by any chance, she were to abdicate, then she would be free to change her religion, free to live in Paris, or, better still, in Italy,

free to give herself up to art and letters, without any bother with her subjects, and the glory of her conversion would be enhanced if abdication went hand in hand with it. Years afterwards Christina declared that she sacrificed worldly wealth for the Church, but, in her heart of hearts, she seems to have cared little about either Luther or the Pope. She was tired of politics, and she wanted to visit Rome.

When she first broached the subject, in 1651, her Council were horrified, and begged her not to think of such a thing. She allowed herself to be persuaded, but the question was only postponed. Two years later she told them that her decision was unchanged, and this time they were prepared to listen to her. There were expostulations, but the opinion of the public seems to have been that Charles Augustus, who was to take her place, would make a sovereign more to their taste. On June 6, 1654, a magnificent ceremony, reminiscent of the abdication of the Emperor Charles V, took place. She made a farewell speech, which moved her audience to tears, and that same evening she set off for the frontier in a storm of rain. Her reign as Queen of Sweden was over.

"I am very well, and I have been received with every honour, and get on very well with everyone except the Prince of Condé, going nowhere except to court and to the theatre. My principal occupations are to eat well, to sleep well, to study a little, to chat and to laugh, to entertain myself with French, Spanish, and Italian comedies, and to get through the time pleasantly. Above all, no more sermons. I have the profoundest contempt for all the preachers, holding, with Solomon, that one should eat, drink, and be merry, and that all the rest is vanity."

So wrote the newly-received penitent to her friend and former maid of honour, Ebba Sparre. Christina was in Brussels, and was now preparing for a journey to Innsbruck, where the great public ceremony of her reception into the Roman Church was to take place, the private reception at Brussels not having been considered sufficient. There is something farcical, something that savours of Gilbert and Sullivan, about all Christina's doings. There was a splendid ceremony

in the cathedral at Innsbruck, presided over by the papal legate, and attended by all the archdukes and archduchesses. Christina, attired in black silk, knelt at the altar, repudiated the Lutheran creed, and declared her firm belief in every article of the Catholic faith. The organ pealed, the choir sang in exultation, cannon were fired, and then—a musical comedy was preformed for the penitent's amusement by an Italian company! Historians have endeavoured to suppress Christina's supposed remark at its conclusion: "Gentlemen, it is most proper that you should entertain me with a comedy after I have entertained you with a farce," but it would have been quite in keeping with the humorous side of her character if she really did make it.

At the end of the year 1656 she entered Rome. Her progress was one long pageant, and her heart throbbed with joy as she passed under triumphal arches and heard the acclamations of the people. Clad in her favourite scarlet breeches, richly embroidered in gold, a man's coat, and a plumed hat upon her head, Christina rode in state to St. Peter's to receive the sacrament from the Pope himself. Poor man, her attire was a shock to him, but it was only the first of a series of shocks. For the next few weeks her time was filled up with sightseeing of all kinds, and every Cardinal tried to excel his colleagues in the splendour of the entertainment he provided for her. She was enchanted. Then, as time went on, disillusionment set in. The Farnese Palace in which she was lodged was being ruined by her servants, and complaints were made to the Pope. The Roman nobility objected to her haughty ways. Cardinal Colonna fell in love with her, and appeared as a troubadour under her windows. Her conversation was apt to be too broad for decency, and her behaviour in church left much to be desired. Altogether Alexander VII felt that the humble penitent he had expected left a good deal to be desired, and it was a considerable relief to him when she proposed, six months later, to leave Rome for Paris.

Details of Christina's journeyings cannot possibly be given in the space of a short article. Suffice it to say that her reception in Paris was all that she could wish for. All the fashionable world competed in entertaining

this novel queen, but, as in Rome, they wearied of her extraordinary ways once the novelty had worn off. Moreover, in her dealings with Mazarin she failed signally. Although Christina had thrown off the cares of State there was one heavy, carking care which never left her, namely, the lack of money. The pension granted to her by the Swedish Government was ample, but, unluckily, on account of wars and expenses of all kinds, it was never forthcoming in its entirety. Christina was always extravagant, her servants robbed her right and left, and ready money was only to be got from the pawnshop. If Mazarin would give her some money that France owed Sweden, or if he would assist her to become Queen of Naples, all would be well, but Mazarin would do neither. He was always ready with a courtly excuse, and after three months in Paris she recrossed the Mont Cenis, poorer than when she came.

But Mazarin was not to be rid of her so easily. In July, 1657, just a year after her first visit, Christina announced that nothing would give her such pleasure as seeing the young Louis XIV dance in a ballet, and that she proposed visiting Paris again for that purpose. Mazarin had no desire for her presence and hinted as much to her. No notice was taken, and she started. Messengers were hastily despatched by Mazarin, each one more courteous than the last, begging her to rest at Avignon, at Lyons, at Nevers, at whichever place she happened to have reached, in fact, until suitable preparations were made for her reception. The daughter of Gustavus Adolphus was not to be balked. Mazarin was defeated for once, and at last he was forced to offer her the Palace of Fontainebleau as a residence in order to avoid an open breach. It was during this stay at Fontainebleau that the deed which cast a deep shade over Christina's character was done.

She had brought two Italians in her suite, Monaldeschi and Santinelli. Both were rascals, and the former was a traitor, too. Precisely what he did is a mystery. Letters were forged by him and treasonable matter was discovered in his intercepted correspondence. Most likely it was concerned with his mistress's attempt to obtain the crown of Naples. No accurate details of Monaldeschi's

fate were known until long afterwards, when an account, written by Father le Bel, an unwilling witness of it, was discovered among some other documents. This Father le Bel was summoned to a private interview with Christina in the Galerie des Cerfs at Fontainebleau. She began by making him swear secrecy as to the matters she was going to confide in him; then, giving him a paper packet sealed in three places, she told him that he was to give it to her again when she asked for it, before whatever witnesses were present. That was all for the moment.

On the following Saturday he was again summoned to the Galerie des Cerfs. He found Christina talking to Monaldeschi at the other end of the apartment, with various members of her suite standing round. "Give me the packet, father," she exclaimed in a loud voice as he entered, and he handed it to her at once. She broke the seals, and showed Monaldeschi the contents—his own intercepted letters! The wretched man flung himself upon his knees, confessing his guilt, and begging for mercy.

Christina listened to his voluble explanations and entreaties, which lasted an hour. She heard him out, then, turning to Father le Bel, she said in grave tones: "Father, I now leave this man in your hands. Comfort his soul, and make him ready for death."

The priest was thunderstruck. He imagined that, after listening to all the offender had to say, the queen would let him off with a severe reprimand, or possibly dismissal. He, in his turn, flung himself on his knees before her, and begged her to be merciful, but after a cold refusal to reconsider the matter, she left the room. The other members of the suite had drawn their swords in readiness to dispatch Monaldeschi, when he pleaded with them for the mercy Christina would not show. One of them relented so far as to offer to intercede with her once more. He went, but returned in a few minutes with another refusal. Then Father le Bel was begged to try his eloquence again. He implored her, by the suffering and death of her Saviour, to show mercy, but she was adamant. Spiritual reasoning having failed, the priest appealed to worldly motives. What view would the King of France take of a violent act done within the

walls of one of his own palaces? But no, that argument had no more weight with her than the other. Father le Bel returned sorrowfully to the gallery. The executioners began their work. The details are ghastly. Monaldeschi was wearing a coat of mail, and at first they could not get at a vital part of his body. In the midst of his agony he called to the priest and begged for his absolution. A few minutes were given for that purpose, and then at last the executioners finished their work.

When all was over, "the Queen, having been assured that he was really dead, expressed her regret at having been obliged to execute him, but said that justice required her to punish him for his crime and his treason, and that she prayed God to forgive him. She told the Confessor to take him away carefully and bury him, and added that she wished several masses said for his soul."

The story is inconceivably repulsive—Christina's arrangements for the horrible *dénouement*, her flat refusal to listen to any appeals for mercy, and her calculated regret when the deed was done. There is no excuse for it. One can only say that her neurotic brain led her more than once to fancy that plots were being laid for her assassination, and that in this case she was convinced that she must kill Monaldeschi, or he would kill her. One must not forget, too, that she had been brought up during the Thirty Years War, which has never been equalled for cruelty, murder, mutilation, and ravage. Years later, in the "Thoughts" written in her old age, she says: "It is better to pardon the guilty than to punish the innocent." "One ought to pardon every man who confesses his fault and surrenders at discretion." "Every crime is a rude penance for him who has committed it." These and various kindred passages which must refer to her punishment of Monaldeschi, show that her conscience was troubled by the barbarous act till the end of her days, and that she regretted it bitterly when her first terror of his plots had died away.

When the news of the execution or murder spread abroad, a shudder passed through the whole of French society. The deed itself was horrible enough, but to dare to do such a thing at Fontainebleau, in one of the King's palaces! It was a crime, an insult, and, worst

of all, it was in bad taste. Christina was "cut." There is no other word for it. No one called upon her, she received no invitations, and the King acted as though he had never heard of her existence. There was no blaze of glory now, only hints that the sooner she vacated Fontainebleau, the better pleased her hosts would be. But Christina could not bear the thought of slinking away in disgrace, and, moreover, she could not travel because she had no money. She begged for an invitation to see the King dance in a ballet, to hear Père le Bout's Lenten sermons, to do anything, in fact, rather than be left in solitude at Fontainebleau. At last she got her invitation; she came to Paris and was received civilly, but without cordiality. She was snubbed more or less openly wherever she went, and Mazarin, it is said, offered her money on condition that she departed at once. At any rate, she went, sadly enough, and on Easter Day, 1658, she was in Rome once more, coldly regarded by Alexander VII, who was horrified at all he heard of his convert.

Just at this time, when Christina's fortunes were deservedly at a low ebb, Cardinal Azzolino came to the rescue. If the Queen ever did have a lover, in the accepted sense of the term, it was Azzolino. Young and good-looking, a lover of art, he was a good man on the whole, possessed of average brains, and an average amount of piety. For a time, certainly, he admired Christina very much, and most probably he went considerably further than admiration. Certainly he was a good angel to her when she arrived, this third time, in Rome. He dismissed her rascally, thieving servants, he induced her to make her peace with the Pope, and he did his best to reduce her accounts to order.

Money was destined to be the curse of her life for many years to come. She even made two journeys to Sweden in the hope of getting the arrears of her pension paid up. Unluckily for her expectations, the gift of tact had been denied to her. The Swedes were prepared to to be as reasonable as their finances would allow, and they were also prepared to treat her with all the respect due to the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, but they expected her to meet them half-way. For instance, in

the matter of religion, they were prepared to turn a blind eye towards her priest, if his presence was not too obvious. But that was not Christina's way. Whether the mass was prohibited or not, she insisted upon literally flaunting her religion in the face of her Lutheran countrymen, and ordered her two priests to perform their offices in the face of the whole court. What between religious difficulties and the fact that she could never conduct an argument without becoming exceedingly personal in her remarks, it is hardly surprising that these two visits were productive of nothing but quarrels and "crises de nerfs."

Except for these two Swedish journeys followed by sojourns in Hamburg, the rest of Christina's life was passed in Italy. On the whole it was not without its sunset glow. There were storms still, chiefly with the reforming Pope, Innocent XI. For instance, there was the long-protracted quarrel over the right of sanctuary, which she claimed, not only for her own suite, but for anyone else who chose to ask for it. A certain Roman wine merchant, who had got into trouble with the police, fled to Christina's palace, and, seizing the handle of her stable door, pleaded that he had escaped to neutral ground. The police dragged him away in spite of the plea, and the Queen, flying into a passion at once, ordered her guards to rescue the man, which they did.

The Pope, hearing of this outrage, lost his temper, too, and had the guards tried and condemned in their absence. Furious letters were exchanged, and though the Pope intimated that he would not actually assert his authority in this case, provided Christina would acknowledge the authority existed, she would have none of it. Once more she flaunted her opinions in the face of the world. She went everywhere attended by the culprits, and dared the Pope to arrest them, telling him that he must pass over her dead body to do so. However, Innocent XI possessed a sense of humour. Instead of passing over her dead body, he presented her with some baskets of most delicious fruit. "The Pope needn't think he is going to cajole me with presents," quoth Christina, "I shall be more on my guard than ever." Two famous words were the only reply from Innocent XI. "E donna."

She is a woman ! And with this rejoinder, which irritated the Queen more than any assertion of authority, the matter ended.

But in spite of these storms she and the Pope understood each other, and her life was not unlike the picture she had drawn of it before her abdication. She lived in the Riario Palace with her books, her pictures, and her statues. Azzolino continued to be her friend, though he intimated very clearly that, in the interests of the Church, the line at which friendship ended was not to be crossed. Her financial affairs became easier, and she was not only able to keep up her little court of artists and scholars, but to give much kindly help to the needy as well. Her own literary work took the form of a series of aphorisms which were greatly applauded at the time, though they are little more than a series of rather trite remarks upon the obvious. The scarlet breeches and the plumed hat were things of the past, and the "crises des nerfs" were less frequent. She still kept her sense of humour, which flashed out in witty remarks, to the last.

Bishop Burnet visited her in her old age, and was delighted with her. He describes her as "very small, fat and round, with a double chin and laughing air." She discussed languages with him like a scholar, and made epigrams like a wit. "The Church," she said to him before they parted, "must certainly be governed by the Holy Spirit, for since I have been at Rome I have seen four Popes, and I swear that not one of them had common sense."

In 1689 she was taken ill with fever. She seemed to recover, and then relapsed again. The brilliant, hysterical, masculine, yet very feminine Queen passed away in perfect peace, rendered yet more peaceful by the absolution and blessing sent to her by her old adversary the Pope, who was only prevented by his own ill-health from coming to visit her himself. "E donna." The Pope was right. It is the only comment to be made upon her life.

Broadcasting

By Lieutenant-Colonel W. Lockwood Marsh

WHILE, perhaps fortunately, excluded from the circle of "younger people," among whom "the Old Stager" finds it impossible to believe that "there could be one found whose mind or patience could stand the strain of reading through a Shakespeare play or a Scott novel," I am still on the weather side of forty and so perhaps entitled to be numbered among the still young. I have none the less seen the emergence of the motor-car from the chrysalis stage, the appearance of the aeroplane after protracted birth pangs, the popularization of the telephone and telegraph, the universal adoption of electric light, and last, but not perhaps least, the invention of wireless telegraphy, with the concomitant development of broadcasting. Each of these inventions in turn has aroused the opposition of the conservative-minded, and in each of them it is, of course, easy to find subject for criticism and lament. But we must perforce face the fact that the old leisured days are gone. "The Old Stager" sees in broadcasting the last assault on mental independence and the dawn of intellectual Communism.

Far be it from me to pose as the apostle of broadcasting, but having been presented some ten months ago with a four-valve set, which has given me considerable amusement, and some edification, I have undergone the experience of gradual conversion from views not dissimilar to those held by "the Old Stager" and his like. In the first place, I think people are apt to lose sight of the extraordinary cheapness of the service provided. For a sum of approximately one-third of a penny a day in licence fees one receives continuous entertainment of one sort and another from 11.0 a.m. to 2.0 p.m., and from 4.0 p.m. to midnight. When one considers that this means, apart from ensemble performers, the finding of, at a conservative estimate, three or four solo performers a day the whole year round at one station alone, it is hardly a matter for surprise that there should be occasional, or even if you will frequent, subject for criticism in the programmes. This criticism is none the less largely due not so much to the fact that the items complained of are intrinsically bad as that they are not of a type which appeals to a particular class of listener.

But to some minds criticism is in no way disarmed by this, nor by the truth—which is to me a never-failing source of amazement—that one gets all this extraordinary range of choice in entertainment the whole year round for rather less than the price of a single stall, or considerably less if the theatre be displaying a production of Mr. Charles B. Cochran. The vulgarities, even in the widest sense of the term, are surprisingly few, and when compared with the cinema quite negligible. Personally I believe that broadcasting in this country has been exceedingly fortunate in getting into the right hands and being most wisely directed. What we have to watch is that it remains so and does not become debased like the cinema through exploitation by the artistically uneducated. For this reason it is on the whole, I think, a move in the right direction for the Government to assume the more direct interest in the movement that was proposed by the Crawfurd Committee. As I understand these proposals, it is not accurate to say, as is loosely stated, that the Government is " taking over " the B.B.C. The wisest method, which I gather is that to be adopted, is for something on the lines of a chartered company to be formed, with one or two directors appointed by the Government. This is in accordance with past and existing precedents—such as the Anglo-Persian Oil Company and Imperial Airways Limited—and leaves the company free to formulate its own general policy, while giving the Government some measure of control, and, even more important, inside knowledge of tendencies before any irretrievable step can be taken. This seems to me admirably to combine artistic freedom with safeguards against what may be called, for want of a better term, " Bolshevism "—political or intellectual.

The charge brought against broadcasting is that it tends to stultify the minds of listeners by constant " spoon-feeding." I have, on the other hand, come to the directly opposite conclusion that, wisely directed, it should, and does, broaden the mind. It is, of course, easy to carp at tabloid tales and ten-minute talks on topical subjects, but on the other hand it can be argued with considerable force that a little knowledge, though proverbially dangerous, is less so than abysmal ignorance. At the risk of being charged with egoism—though how

one can form opinions except from one's personal experiences I am at a loss to conceive—I must state that not only have I derived interest from, for instance, the tabloid biographies of famous characters, which have been a prominent feature of the B.B.C.'s programmes, but that they have on occasion sent me direct to those impartial three-volume biographies which "the Old Stager" fears will now moulder into dust unheeded on our shelves. Indirectly in that sense I freely confess to having received education from the B.B.C., just as I have received more direct instruction from talks on such subjects as the evolution and habits of animals and the elements of musical notation and harmony—which have, I hope and believe, enabled me to indulge more intelligently my hobby of listening to good music. This brings me to a subject on which I had a long discussion with my friend Mr. Robert Mayer, who, with his wife, Miss Dorothy Moulton, is doing such wonderful educative work with his children's concerts at the Central Hall, Westminster, and who will, I hope, forgive me for dragging him into the publicity of this article. Mr. Mayer's point was—I hope I state it correctly—that the whole future of music is definitely jeopardized by broadcasting. He believes that no artist can, owing to the absence of a visible sympathetic audience, sing or play his best into a microphone, while the concurrent introduction of a visible audience results in a distraction which strengthens the malign influence. He goes further, and maintains that musical composition itself will suffer, because no composer can write his best when he knows that a mechanical invention such as the microphone will come between performer and audience. With all respect to his much greater knowledge and experience on the subject I do not believe that any of these fears are justified. In the first place, though I admit the enormous assistance to any artist of a present and visible audience, I believe that the microphone is simply a matter of habit, and that the true artist, after the first strangeness has worn off, will rise above the disability. This view receives, I think, some confirmation even from the little experience we have had up to the present. If, for instance, a true musician, who has made somewhat of a practice of singing into the microphone, like Miss Carmen

Hill, suffers any loss in "musicality" or interpretation when singing at the London Studio compared with the concert platform, then I frankly admit that my ear has not been sufficiently sensitive to detect the change. That a wireless set can on occasion enable one to enjoy a performance which otherwise one would be unable to attend I can give personal testimony. One of the most memorable musical experiences of my life was gained in listening at home to the special B.B.C. performance of Rimsky-Korsakov's beautiful opera, "The City of Kitesh"—the transmission of which, by the way, belied both Mr. Mayer's second point regarding the dual audience and the common belief in the mechanical imperfections of wireless. I cannot believe that the reception of this performance, or of the various Hallé concerts relayed from the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, could possibly be bettered, or that those who were present heard the music any more favourably than I did comfortably sitting in my library many miles away.

The fears regarding the psychological effect of the microphone on the mentality of composers are also, I think, groundless. It is hardly questionable that better music is being written in this country to-day than has been produced at any time within the last three hundred years, and yet our modern composers can hardly be unconscious of the gramophone and the player-piano, any more than the Sitwells are oblivious of the megaphone. The truth is, I suspect, contrary to almost universal belief, that mechanical invention has generally speaking had little or no effect, and certainly no deleterious influence, on art and public taste in artistic matters. I cannot conceive that anyone can be found to controvert the statement that present-day taste in furniture, decoration, architecture, and indeed all the applied arts, is infinitely superior to that of our grandfathers and grandmothers. And yet the intervening period has seen the invention, or at any rate the general adoption, of practically all machinery. Has anyone, for example, ever suggested that the introduction of photography has degraded our taste in pictures? On the contrary, though the evidence is inevitably negative (all intentions of a pun are disclaimed), photography has in all probability had a beneficent influence by enabling us to study at a distance the composition, at any rate, of the great masters.

Another objection, on similar lines to those raised by Mr. Mayer, has been put before me by a music publisher. He fears a falling-off in sales and royalties on music because the habit of "listening-in" will kill both concerts and amateur drawing-room performances, and also for the, to me, curious reason that broadcasting by frequent repetition shortens the "life" and period of popularity of a song or other composition—particularly dance music. I will not indulge in any cheap sneers at what is still erroneously called "jazz," because, within its own limitations and for its own particular purpose, it has, I believe, as much right to live as its more "high-brow" counterpart, and is for harmony and rhythm preferable to the sugar-sweet Victorian dance music. But what I fail to understand is why it should be less beneficial to a publisher or composer for a given composition to be played a very large number of times within a few weeks than the same number of times spread over many months. The revenue would appear to be the same in both cases, while the former has the advantage in rapid "turn-over." Furthermore, short-lived popularity means that the publisher is the sooner able to bring out another money-making successor. I have also never been able to understand the objection of publishers and impresarios to broadcasting on the ground that it is detrimental to the subsequent concert-platform or operatic work of the artists. To that argument I can only reply from the experience of my own reactions, and say that, so far as my wife and I are concerned, singing into the microphone is quite definitely an advertisement for the artist concerned, because we make a habit of noting the names of new singers whose voices we like in order to take an early opportunity of hearing them in person. So far as concerts themselves are concerned, I should have thought that the broadcasting of good music would engender an increase in the demand for it and so react favourably on box-office receipts. On the other hand, I can well believe that the consistent broadcasting from London of, on the whole, good class music may have a bad effect on the sale of copies of ballads and of tickets for concerts at which they are performed. But that is a relic of Victorian mediocrity over which no music-lover would shed a tear.

When all is said and done, however, the real point is that, for good or ill, broadcasting is with us and has come

to stay. It is, therefore, important to consider its present failings with a view to their possible elimination for the future. Even supposing I were competent to do so, which emphatically I am not, this is obviously no place to enter upon technicalities, but there are one or two points which may be touched on. Apart from weaknesses in the actual instruments employed, which are already remarkably few, the chief obstacle to good reception is the prevalent interruption arising from "interference" and "atmospherics." The latter is a natural phenomenon arising from electrical disturbances in the ether which may or may not be found capable of elimination, but are not in fact a very great annoyance except in the case of an actual thunderstorm comparatively close at hand. The other natural phenomenon known as "fading"—when the strength of a distant station alternates between quite loud reception and practical, or even complete, inaudibility—is a very grave drawback which may perhaps be overcome when its cause is discovered. Fortunately the chief cause of annoyance at the present day is the palimpsest of interfering signals either from ships or other wireless stations. I say "fortunately" because this is a matter which can be dealt with and overcome, and indeed must be, if broadcasting is not gradually to die a natural death. It is, for instance, practically impossible for the ordinary listener with a good commercial set, whatever claims the expert may make to the contrary, to listen to one of the finest dance bands in Europe, at Oslo, while London is working; or hear the excellent music broadcasted by "Radio-Paris" at the same time that Daventry is sending out its concert; while at any moment any or all of these stations, particularly when at a distance, may be completely obliterated by the dots and dashes of Morse sent out by a ship or a Government or commercial station transmitting messages. So far as mutual interference between broadcasting stations is concerned, good work has been done by the International Radio Board in producing agreement between the various countries on a scheme for the allocation of definite "wave-lengths" to each of them. Under this scheme all high-powered stations will have certain rigidly "reserved" wave-lengths on which no other station will be permitted to

work, which should eliminate such regrettable instances of interference as I have mentioned. The difficulty arising from the limited number of wave-lengths available within the broadcasting "band," compared with the enormous number of stations operating in various countries, is to be got over by allowing low-powered stations with limited range to duplicate each other's wave-lengths when situated sufficiently far apart. There would, for instance, be no possibility of interference between two 500-watt stations working on the same wave-length in England and Germany. It is in accordance with this scheme that the British Broadcasting Company propose—and it is to be hoped that the proposal will be carried into effect by the new company when formed—to replace this country's existing organization, of a few medium and high-powered stations and a number of low-powered "relay" stations, by five or six high-powered stations working on wave-lengths sufficiently distinct to be incapable of mutual interference. This will have the enormous further advantage of providing five or six alternative programmes, obtainable, I imagine, by anyone with an average good commercial set. At present, the London programme is on most nights relayed by the high-powered station at Daventry as well as by all the minor stations, so that as one turns the dials of one's receiving apparatus, one gets again and again every few seconds snatches of the same song from London, Birmingham, Aberdeen, Cardiff and so on; Bournemouth being the exception, which frequently has an excellent programme of its own.

This new scheme, however, is confined to broadcasting and does nothing to eradicate the intolerable nuisance of Morse interference. It is no exaggeration to say that on the average night it is impossible to listen for more than a few moments to any Continental station without one's enjoyment being marred by the sound of Morse signals, which vary in intensity from an irritating "background" to what amounts to complete obliteration. It is, I suppose, impossible to remove all Morse transmission entirely from the broadcast "band"—between 300 and 550 metres wave-lengths—since one realizes that Morse transmission is dealing with messages, commercial or Government, which must rank above any

entertainment. There is, however, a perfectly simple and obvious alternative, which would have the additional merit of very much minimizing the chances of mutual interference between broadcasting stations. This is to transfer all broadcasting bodily to the "short-wave band"—wave-lengths below 300 metres—which is, curiously enough, practically entirely unused at present. There is, I understand, no technical difficulty about this, and one great advantage already hinted at—that, for a scientific reason which I do not pretend to be able to explain, within the limits of the short-wave band stations can work very much closer together in wave-length without overlapping and mutual interference. The objection to this proposal comes, I understand, from the vested interests of a large number of present owners of crystal and valve sets which are not capable of receiving on the short-wave band. Since I happen to be the possessor of a set fitted for "short-wave" reception, I may perhaps be biased, but looking at the matter impartially it seems to me unlikely that in the long run these considerations can prevail. To begin with, it is, I fancy, though I am unable to dogmatize on the point, possible for most valve sets, and even crystal sets, to be adapted for short-wave reception at small cost. But even supposing I am mistaken in this belief, if the change is the only method of getting away from Morse interference, I am convinced that it will eventually come. Present-day receiving apparatus, both valve and crystal, are, I take it, probably very different from future sets. If that is so, most of the present users will presumably replace their existing instruments by newer types in the course of the next few years. A probable line of development occurs to me in the provision as a first measure, though not perhaps immediately, of one short-wave broadcasting station in each country for the benefit of those who can receive it. If, as seems almost certain, listeners on these sets find themselves practically immune from Morse interference, short-wave instruments will become more and more popular, and to meet the demand for alternative programmes more stations will be changed over to that sort of transmission until in course of time all broadcasting is transferred to the short-wave band.

In Portofino

By Alan Sullivan

He seemed, coming towards me through the olive grove, to have detached himself from it, so perfectly did the grey-green of him blend with the twisted roots and narrow, faintly shimmering curtain overhead, an old man, gnarled and bent, with something of the unexpected angularity of the trees around him, dark eyes that retained an active lustre, broad, stooping shoulders, and knotted fingers. He carried a pannier of cones from the slopes above, where olive yields to pine, and the pine dwindles as it climbs the naked sun-smitten heights that march magnificently along the Ligurian coast. He was taking the cones to Portofino, three kilometres away.

"Buon giorno," I said. "Fa bello tempo."

He sat down, the basket still on his back, and one could almost hear his bones creak like the dry wicker.

"The weather, yes, it is good," he answered with a grave smile; "but this tramontane wind, it does not promise well. Look!"

His English surprised me, but I looked. The tops of the hills behind Chiaveri were obscured, their summits melting vaguely into hanging clouds. But it was the best day we had had for a week.

"You have travelled," I ventured.

He nodded. "Yes, but one comes back."

I could understand that, never having found a spot so serene, so welcoming, as this God-given refuge, to which I had only that day returned, Portofino and what went with Portofino was a sheer gem. I had lived there previously for months above the Ristorante Nazionale, where Catina, her hair in a tight knot, brought in the bath water and opened the shutters to let in the morning sun; where Lena Razzolo made delectable things in a kitchen that would have delighted Arthur Rackham; and Alessandro, her brother, drove the two unimpressionable white horses that pulled the diligence to Santa Margherita, and modern hotels with central heat and the Italian luxury tax.

"You have lived here long?"

He made himself a ragged cigarette. "Forty years, signore, since I came back."

"Then you must have set out very young."

"Yes, young. Twenty-three years old when I sailed from Genova." He lit the cigarette. "It was for America."

It seemed strange, knowing what I did about the westward tide of his countrymen, that he should have spent but seven years across the Atlantic. The object was generally a competence on which to retire, and this was a poor man.

"Seven years in America," he added thoughtfully, "and five were in Sing Sing. But life passes."

I looked at this son of the terraced soil, and tried to imagine him in prison. He seemed to have a nature like a pool of mountain water.

"It was a mistake, of course?"

His shoulders went up in an inimitable shrug. "It is now as though it had not been; but it was no doubt a mistake that I waited so long in Ettore's saloon."

I said nothing, which reassured him.

"Near Ninth Street and Seventh Avenue—perhaps it is there yet. But you could not tell."

"No."

"I promised the padrone Razzolo at the Ristorante to have the cones there by five," he murmured with a wintry smile; "otherwise, perhaps, I could tell you."

"I stay there," I said hastily. "The padrone and I are excellent friends."

"Ebbene, he is a just man, e di buon cuore. There was, of course, a woman in this affair; also Ettore Giannino, large, strong, and very black. His father lived near the oil mill at Paraggi. You have seen that, without doubt?'

I nodded.

"Ettore, as I say, was very strong. I have seen him carry two hundred kilos of wood up to The Castello without stopping for breath—no other man in Portofino could do that. So, for a year, it was between us two. On one Sunday Costanza would walk with me over the hills to San Fruttuoso, and the next with Ettore to Portofino Vetta, from which one regards the harbour of Genova. The signore has been there, too?"

"I have, and it is a great sight."

"Well, those in the village asked themselves which she liked best, San Fruttuoso or the view of Genova, and for a year it went thus, Ettore and I, each with our own sentiero, our own path. Each of us worked—Mother of God, how we worked!—putting away a lira at a time, for two thousand lire was the figure the father of Costanza had set, and who reached that first should have the girl. For herself she did not seem to care which it was, but laughed all day, asking us at evening how much we had, and said that she liked the view of San Fruttuoso as well as that of Genova. Ettore, he nearly broke his back with the loads he carried, and I, not so strong, went on with my mason work. There was much building of villas at that time, and though a mason earns more than a contadino, Ettore worked so hard that his wages were as much as mine. Then, when we were both at eighteen hundred lire, the thing happened. And will the signore tell me his name?"

I did not reply at once, but sat staring at a very small and weatherbeaten house that lay in a wrinkle of the hill close by. I could hear a cracked old voice humming inside. It was at a point from which one might see San Fruttuoso. Then I told him my name, and he gave me a long, quiet look.

"Mine is Adriano Costo. My father made baskets, too, in that house, so he was well named. What happened was that Costanza found that she liked best the view of Genova, liked it so well that she went there with Ettore on a Saturday, and did not come back. It was on Sunday that I found my loss. I had been robbed!"

"Ettore?"

"Chi lo sa? They all went at the same time—Costanza and he and the money. That night I walked to Genova, thirty miles, having nothing wherewith to buy a ticket. What was the use? There was no proof. And one poor man in Genova with empty pockets! I went to the mole, and, behold, a steamer sailing for New York. Already it had moved as far as one can throw a stone. I had good eyes, signore, in those days, and there, in the middle of five hundred others, Ettore and Costanza. His arm was round her, and while I looked they waved farewell to Italy, and kissed. So I walked back to

Portofino. Yesterday that was forty-seven years ago. I tell you this, because to-day I am content."

He looked content. There was peace in his eye, and a benignant calm; but he had not the appearance of a successfully retired mason. Such do not carry cones to Portofino.

"You are interested, yes?"

"I am, very."

"Well, for another year I worked, but it was no use. Other women—yes—but not Costanza. So what I made I spent. At the end of the year came one who put a notice on the Municipio wall. Tickets to America, six hundred lire. As it happened, I had seven hundred."

"You went to New York?"

"All Italians go there, non e vero? So many had already gone that it was like Genova itself, and with many Napolitanos whom it is hard for us people to understand. For the first day I walked all the day, and got to another part where there were no Italians. Very magnifico it was, and very strange, but no one laughed or talked as amongst our own. Why is that?"

"Perhaps they had no time."

He made an inimitable gesture. "What is time? It seemed to me they were not happy enough to talk. However, later, I found a place where they talked even less. There were many named Giannino where my countrymen lived, but it was not long before I found Ettore."

"Where was he?"

"In a saloon, of which he was padrone. Very wonderful, that saloon—a palace. Never had I seen anything like it, with Ettore's name in gold letters on big windows, and every morning two facchini swept it out, polishing silver and brass till it glittered amazingly. There was a big counter, very long, with multitudes of bottles behind, and three big men, Ettore himself the biggest. He had grown already corpulento, and still oiled his black hair. They wore white aprons, these three, and knew all who came in, calling them by name. And the money followed like rain."

"Had he bought that already, after one year?"

"At first I wondered, too, but it seems it was not his at all. Pietro Machairo, him of Nervi who came in the

winter time to see his mother in Portofino, him I met in New York about that time. He told me that Ettore was not proprietario, but the place was that of a big man of the city, molto importante, who put Ettore there and his name in gold outside, for mire politice—what do you call?"

"Political reasons?"

"Veramente. That was why. Sometimes the man came there himself; he was Irlandese, and no one paid anything that night. It was all very strange till I understood. He was rich by reason of poli—poli——"

"Politics?"

"Yes—so that he could do this as often as he wished, and yet not become poor. He was bigger even than Ettore, with a voice very round and loud, and a thick gold chain, heavy like an anchor-chain, across his stomach. And up above all this richness lived Costanza. She had one bambino now, and very happy she looked. I was afraid to speak to her, and sometimes in the evening waited to watch when she came out of her own door at the side, her dress very fine. She, too, was fatter, but very beautiful, She had large soft eyes."

It was not my place to say anything, but I noticed the change of tense.

"Ebbene, one day Pietro took me by the arm and into that saloon, and the minute Ettore saw me he knew me, but instead of turning all colours he gave a great laugh of welcome and put his hand out and asked what I would drink. What, signore, could I do? I a poor mason, and this rich man with all his friends. So I reasoned with myself, saying, If he has made Costanza happy, that is what my money was meant for—let it go! So I tried to do that, and, after we had drunk, we went upstairs by the porta privata, and he called to Costanza. She came in with the bambino in her arms, and that very minute I knew she was happy."

"You were a generous man," I said, "and a brave one."

He sent me a twisted smile. "When one loves, nothing is impossible—and I still loved, very greatly. Picture me, signore. I am a man that is called consistente—I have begun to forget my English—so what could I do at that time? She was his, and she also loved, and I said to myself, What is eighteen hundred lire against

the peace of a woman's heart—and such a woman? I knew in a second that she had no thought of Ettore being a thief, or she could not have saluted me with talk of Portofino and many people there. Then he left us for a while, which he would not have done in Italy, and she said: 'Is it not well what Ettore has done in little more than a year? Out of his eighteen hundred lire but little was left when we got here—and behold!' Then I saw more clearly than ever that Ettore was innocent in her mind."

"But everyone knew of the robbery in Portofino."

"Per Bacco, it was the talk of the village till something else happened, but there could be no proving. Nor did any of the talk reach Costanza, I think, because she did not write home for many months—when it had been forgotten. So it came that got the habit of going to that saloon. Sometimes when the doors were shut I stayed and talked with them, till it came to one night that Ettore was very worried about mire politice in which he had an enemy, one Simone Gardarino, a Napolitano. I, too, knew this Simone to be a bad man—even for Napoli. Perhaps Ettore was infelice that night, and needed a friend, because he looked at me and said 'Between you and me, Adriano, there is a matter of eighteen hundred lire.'"

He twisted his old shoulders out of the basket straps, and accepted a cigarette.

"It is half a lifetime since one of these touched my lips. Well, I told Ettore that the money was a matter of his—his——"

"Cosienza?"

"Yes, his cosienza. Whereupon he regarded me strangely, and said that when he carried wood past where I laid stone, he always hoped greatly that the wall I built would fall and kill me, and that for the love of a woman it is easy for a man to become a devil, and the more desirable the woman, the easier it was. Has the signore noticed that when one is anxious and perhaps frightened, he often speaks a great truth?"

There was wisdom here, but I only nodded again.

"Well, Ettore opened his heart that night. It may have been on account of our talk about Portofino and the sun and the children playing in the piazza and the Chiesa

di San Gorgio looking down on the harbour which, as the signore knows, is round and small with much colour in the water. But, whatever it was, he became gentle, and promised to get me the best wages in New York, where a mason can be rich in a short time if he is friends with the Irlandese politicos. And he went presently to a drawer behind the counter, and began reckoning how much eighteen hundred lire would be, with interest, signore, for the use of my money, when, molto subito, a man who was hiding there jumped up, and struck him through the back with a knife that Ettore used for cutting lemons. Ettore fell down dead, and the man ran out very quickly at the back door, but not before I saw that it was Simone Gardarino."

"You were left—with that?"

"Yes, picture it. I gave a great shout, and tried to lift Ettore, and Costanza came running down, and, seeing what she did, and the money drawer open, regarded me with hate like fire, and burst into the street with many cries so that immediately there came in two Irlandese policemen. And they, seeing Ettore dead on the floor and the money drawer open, took me away very quickly."

I could imagine him hustled along between the blue-coated men, followed by a shouting crowd of Italians who would cluster round the station door.

"What a misfortune! But they could have done nothing else."

"Veramente, that is so. And there followed soon the prova—the trial—at which my story made laughter and curses, for Costanza, in a new black dress, and the bambino in her arms which made all people molto sympatico, told how Ettore and I came from Portofino in Ligure, and that I was also her lover there, but she loved Ettore the better and came with him, and in one year I came also to find him, and make friends that I might do this thing. Then, when I told my story of Simone Gardarino, there rose up three men, also Napolitani, who made giuramento—I have forgotten the word——"

"Who made oath?"

"Yes—that at that time Simone was with them in another saloon a kilometre away, and remained there till midnight. Then I went to Sing Sing, to be hanged by and by."

He had forgotten now all about Portofino and Padrone Razzolo, and I tried to picture him in a forbidding structure fitted with iron bars, this son of the olive-green hillside, with his passion, his love, and his childlike soul.

"It is a hard thing for a man to be in captivity, thus, and innocent. So many thoughts he has, and without help. I had not long to live, two months, so I wrote to my mother, asking the Dirretore of the prison not to post it till the week after I was hanged. In this I told my mother only the truth. Also I wrote to Pietro, asking him and the rest to say nothing at home. Then six weeks went, very slow and isolate, and there came to me in my cell news, molto privata, that on the day of my death there would be a rebellione in that prison. These men talked to each other by small strokes on the wall, of which they gave me the secret, being about to die. But the guards knew nothing. Then I said to myself, Is it not enough that one innocent man dies on that day, for they had planned to kill many? So I asked to see the Dirretore, and made the rebellione known to him, and again made giuramento that I had not killed Ettore.

"There was much talk between him and other hard-faced men, after which they asked me to explain the language on the wall. This I would not, because perhaps it would lead other innocents into trouble; but it came that they found I was right about the rebellione, whereupon the Dirretore consulted with others, very high and powerful, so instead of hanging me they kept me for five years and then gave me a hundred dollars and my liberta."

Freedom! He was not looking at me then, but toward San Fruttuoso, and I could find nothing but a great patience and gentleness in his brown face. Five innocent years in Sing Sing, and forty under the olives!

"That hundred dollars," he continued, "I spent looking for Costanza. You see the saloon was now operated by another put there by the Irlandese politico. It made no difference to him, the death of Ettore, but the vota of the Italians, he sought that. Pietro had gone away, and Costanza, she was, I think, in Chicago. Perhaps at that time it was as well that I, an assassino, for such I still was, did not find her. I was very lonely, with the marks of the prison on my face, signore. I wanted

to come home, but I feared to come. Then, very suddenly, I wrote to my mother, and said I was coming. Ebbene, I did. From Genova I walked to Portofino, taking the trail that leads above San Fruttuoso, and came to this cottage. It was empty—with no windows, to avoid the tax. Hard-by worked a man I did not know, so him I asked where Maria Cesto might be, and he looked at me and said that five years ago there was a Maria Cesto who had from her son a letter from America, sent to her after he was hanged, and, reading it, she dropped down dead."

"That letter?" I asked, horrified.

"Veramente. It seemed that in error it was posted."

He told me all this not with any gloom, but in a sort of quiet retrospect, as though the grim outline of experience were softened by the haze of the past.

"When an evil thing is done, how often is it the innocent suffer most, having little defence! Well, I had my pardone, which I took to the Municipio for all to see, and an avvocato Inglese who was with Razzolo did it into Italian that all might read. But the family of Ettore neither read nor forgot anything. Nor was there anyone who wanted me to build them a house, because it was said it would fall down. So I lived here for many years, till one day the priest, Juliano Collonno, came quickly up the hill, and all out of breath, and took both my hands in his, and kissed me and said: 'It is well with my son, and there is word for him from America.'"

"Word of Costanza?"

"No, but of Simone, who was now dead, having himself been hanged in Boston. It was Simone's turn to be hanged, and this time there was no pardone. So, knowing this, he spoke very openly to the priest, who spent that last night with him, and told him how it was he who had killed Ettore in New York more than twenty years before. That priest confessed him, and told the Dirretore of that prison. So they made a writing that Simone signed, and a copy of this writing was sent to the priest of San Giorgio, and immediately it came he climbed quickly up to tell me. He sat there, signore, where you sit, with the tears running down his face, and asked me what he could do for me. And I said to put that writing in the Municipio where all might read,

though it was too late now for a writing to make any difference, and I went on with my work. In one hour and a-half, signore, Portofino came up the hill to this place to see me."

"What a wonderful day for you!"

"Perhaps: I do not know. One does not forget five years in Sing Sing in an hour and a-half. There was much talk, especially from the famiglia of Ettore, and, within a week, a villa to build for Gregorio, the contractor, of Paraggi. But again it was too late, and I desired to lay no more stone. The priest told me I should marry, and I said to him to find Costanza for me, and I would marry even though I were carried up the sentiero to San Giorgio. So the years passed, signore, till it came that there arrived in Portofino a woman who had seen much of the world."

Here he paused, sending me a look infinitely boyish. Every wrinkle of him was charged with contentment, his eyes had an expression at once roguish and amused, and one perceived in him the resilient Latin who responds to a pleasing thought as the sea changes when a cloud glides from the face of the sun.

"When I saw her, signore, I seemed to feel young again, and that after all it was not too late; so when she came this way, I asked her if she liked the view of San Fruttuoso well enough to marry me, and, per Bacco, she did, counting my years as nothing. And so we were married but yesterday."

"Splendid!" I said. "You're a wise man. It does not do to cling too closely to the past."

He smiled so that his eyes nearly closed. "That is as it may be. I have talked much, and the signore is without doubt tired with hearing me, so will he drink a little vino rosso? I have only the red wine of the country."

"With pleasure—to your health—to both your healths."

"Costanza!" he called gaily. "Costanza! The signore and I come for some vino rosso. An American—and a patient man."

The old woman waved a hand from the cabin window. Even at this distance one could see that once she must have been very beautiful.

"Hands" on Your Horse

By J. M. Taylor

"HANDS" may be defined as the art of thoroughly and instinctively controlling a horse by manipulation of the bit or bits; frustrating his efforts at insubordination, and developing his greatest powers of speed, of action, and of agility. The possession of "good hands on a horse," whether for riding or driving, is a horseman's proudest and rarest possession, occupying a pinnacle of ambition in his regard which he probably never attains, generally through a misconception of what "hands" really are.

Strangely enough this accomplishment depends little upon the hands themselves. "Hands" consist of the following factors: Attitude, sympathy, decision, intuition, delicacy of touch, nerve, common sense, and practice. The more you use horses, the more you will find that these are the elements involved, and that the hands themselves are merely the agents of the human will, and nearly useless if the other essentials are wanting or undeveloped. To these elements may be awarded a percentage of importance, but you are certain to find that the chief one is attitude.

In riding, attitude has all to do with seat—and seat is hands; or rather you can never develop hands, if you have not a perfect and an unconsciously balanced seat. All seats, from the nearly straight lines in the cowboy rider to the acute angles of the modern jockey, are the same in effect so far as the centre of gravity is concerned; all hands are developed along the same elementary lines, and depend for success upon the attitude of the rider. "Head up, shoulders back, waist hollow, seat *down* in the saddle" is no mere riding-school formula, but the gist of the whole matter of acquiring hands. Again, attitude is a huge percentage of the whole.

Sympathy, in a way, is the same as another important element—intuition—but in this connection is used chiefly to discover how a horse is *mentally*; how he likes things arranged, how far he should have his own way, how best to handle his mouth and to bit him, how to reward his obedience, how to frustrate his rebellion, and so forth. Many horsemen, while giving much time and thought to the capable handling of horses, fail signally because they lack sympathy with a dumb beast; have not the

faculty of putting themselves in the horse's place, as it were; are too domineering or impetuous to allow any departure from what they determine is correct. Sympathy prevents quarrels. A horse quickly perceives the lack of it, but will work his heart out for the man who has it. As a man said to me about a passing rider: "There goes the biggest duffer on a horse that I ever saw, but it's funny how he buys bad-tempered, crazy brutes, and they all carry him quietly." Close study of this individual proved that he was (to all appearances) exactly as described, having apparently nothing save a wholesome well of sympathy which the dumb creatures recognized and appreciated, as we of supposedly nobler intellect wholly failed to do.

It is this heaven-sent attribute, *sympathy*, which enables the average woman to get on surprisingly well with horses. Grace will tell you with pride how Pale Face recognizes her voice, her touch on the reins, and other fallacies so dear to the feminine heart. But Pale Face does nothing of the kind! He would not know her from Eve among a crowd, but he would recognize and respond to her sympathetic influence just as he would to that of any woman whom he had never seen before, were she equally endowed with sympathy. Granted this one thing, a horse will forgive much.

Decision should never, in handling horses, be confused with unwise determination to have things your way. It means the faculty of doing the right thing at the right moment, and should be cultivated by frequent practice with all kinds of horses; and, of course, no hands were ever developed by handling any one animal or only one kind of horse. It is decision that gives hands the moment the horse yields; that uses the roughest methods at a pinch—for hands are by no means always delicate of touch; that frustrates the most determined attempts of kicker, rearer, or bolter; that picks the best part of the road; that makes the animal carry himself to the best advantage for the purpose of the moment. Decision dominates the situation at critical moments. The horse is quick to discern and to presume upon its absence.

There is no such thing as a safe partnership with a horse; you must be master, or *he* will be, to your certain future discomfort.

American Magazines in Canada

By Charles W. Stokes

ONE reads in English newspapers and in cabled English news, here in Canada, that stay-at-home Englishmen are beginning to be alarmed at the Americanization of the amusements and recreations of life. American domination of many commercial commodities—due principally to efficient mass-production—is now obvious; but the steady stream of American revues, American moving-pictures, and American magazines seems at length (to use an American phrase of mockery) to be "viewed with alarm" by the Englishman. But he seems at the same time to be almost unaware that the process of American cultural penetration—if we can so dignify it—is taking place throughout the British Empire; or if he is vaguely aware, he seems not to know that he himself does not possess the remedy.

I will here confine myself to one part of the British Empire, Canada, and one form of Americanization, the magazine. It should be explained that the magazine does not, either in Canada or the United States, occupy the comparatively unimportant place in the scheme of things which it does in the British Isles. The English magazine field, as one sees it from abroad, consists of the few organs of serious or scientific thought and the larger number of monthly or weekly publications of assumed entertainment—the latter tinctured beyond hope of reclamation with the rubbishy, vapid, and pre-digested character so successfully copied from the American model.

The same broad classes exist in the United States, except that the second is much better done; but whereas in England no one seems to be particularly avid of any magazine, or greatly concerned whether it comes out or not, the North American peoples consume exceedingly large quantities, and support their magazines so generously that almost automatically those periodicals have reached a high standard of quality as well as becoming important and powerful influences.

The total circulation of the "general" magazines of the United States is in excess of 50,000,000 copies per issue, which in a population of approximately 115,000,000 is certainly a far higher proportion than in the British Isles.

As examples of this huge circulation we can select four well known to the British public. The statistics are trustworthy, because practically every reputable publication in North America belongs to a remarkable co-operative organization, known as the Audit Bureau of Circulation, submits several times a year to thorough auditing, and publishes its circulation figures. Of the "highbrow" class of magazine, the celebrated "Atlantic Monthly" has an average circulation of 110,071; of the sophisticated journals, the equally famous "Life" has 124,858; in women's periodicals, the "Pictorial Review" has 2,324,345; while in the popular class, the still more famous and ever-lauded "Saturday Evening Post" sells an average of 2,466,910 copies per week. The magazine is as much a part of North American life as the Ford car.

As regards Canada, it should be reiterated that its geographical situation makes it the most vulnerable point in the British Empire for this process of Americanization. It borders the United States for 3,000 miles; it is separated by a "line" that is almost invisible from a rich and powerful nation that outnumbers it in population by about 13 to 1. Canadians and Americans trade back and forth across this border every hour. They want each other's products. They have very much the same temperament and outlook, with the Canadian—if anything—more tempted to imitate the American than vice versa; they emigrate to, or spend their holidays in, each other's country. They intermarry. The Canadian, in fact, is far closer to the American in mentality than he is to the Englishman, and the well-meaning attempts of the latter to keep him a loyal citizen of the British Empire frequently strike him as absurd. To me, indeed, it often seems that the British flag still flies over Canada not because of Great Britain's help, but in spite of it.

But when I say above that the Canadian and the American want each other's products, I must make a reservation in regard to reading matter. The United States does not desire Canada's magazines, but Canada provides the biggest market in the world for this particular form of American commodity. In the year 1925 Canada imported about 40,000,000 American magazines; simultaneously, the total circulation of Canadian magazines was only about 15,000,000, of which only about

0·3 per cent. were exported to all parts of the world. The total world-circulation of the six leading Canadian magazines per issue, according to the "ABC" figures, was 524,125; the total circulation *in Canada* of the six leading United States magazines was 605,565, of which the "Saturday Evening Post" and the "Ladies' Home Journal" had 101,431 and 145,183 respectively.

It must be remembered that the circulation of the American magazine in Canada is "overflow" circulation. It represents only 5 or 6 per cent. of the total circulation, and costs the producer only the mechanical price of duplication. Publishing costs divide, broadly, into five kinds: administration, editorial (including art), the solicitation of advertising and circulation, type-setting (including blocks), and press-work. In the case of the American magazine, the first four are absorbed into the production of a periodical for the home market; but in the case of the Canadian magazine that attempts to compete with it, all five costs must necessarily enter. It is not surprising, therefore, that under existing conditions no Canadian magazine can possibly put out such value for the money as the invader from the United States. Here, for example, is the "Saturday Evening Post"; a recent issue before me contains 256 pages, size 14 in. by 11, has two serials, ten short stories, and eight articles—approximately 150,000 words of reading matter—all copiously illustrated, written by some of the highest remunerated authors of the world, and all far superior to the typical English "popular" magazine. Of the 256 pages, nearly 160 are advertising, which, according to a trade directory, is sold at a minimum of $8,000 per page. And all this for five cents! If you ask for a reason why the Canadians prefer American magazines to their own, the answer is rapidly found in the fact that they are so much better—and must always be until Canada has close on 100,000,000 people, too.

And there is still another reason. Canada has a high protective tariff against the United States, as against other countries. Amongst the articles upon which duty is levied is advertising matter, which carries approximately a 35 per cent. tariff; yet practically the only item on the free list—outside of Bibles and uncut diamonds—is the periodical, either newspaper or magazine! To

avoid the stigma of a "tax on knowledge," Canada has gone to the other extreme and laid its entire market at the feet of the triumphant conqueror who scarcely even needs that additional assistance.

The effect of this torrent of American publications upon the Canadian spirit is three-fold—national, cultural, and economic. As to the first, we must, of course, absolve the United States from any deliberate attempt to change the mentality of any British possession. Instead of harbouring dark designs upon the loyalty of the Englishman or the Canadian, the American editor is, I think, supremely indifferent. It is merely a case of the overflow of what is after all only a by-product. Why shouldn't he publish stories and articles glorifying the United States, even to the extent, as sometimes happens, of being anti-British? But when the slang, the ideals, the greed, the scenery, the resources, and the aggressiveness of the United States are so persistently placed before the Canadian reader, a certain proportion of those characteristics are inevitably assimilated, especially by the young; and for every "Indignant Reader" who writes to the newspapers about it, or cancels his subscription, there are a thousand unthinking readers, of the younger generation of the "moron" type, who do not (to use a bitter North American colloquialism) "give a damn."

Upon the intellectual life of Canada these magazines exercise a powerful and deplorable influence. By making it difficult for the native periodical to exist, they retard the development of a characteristic Canadian literary and artistic culture. At the same time, they attract the Canadian writer to the United States—where the market is wide and the pay, for the successful, phenomenal—there to write upon non-Canadian themes. There are, it is true, conspicuous examples to the contrary, such as Stephen Leacock, who still lives in Montreal, and Ralph Connor, who still lives in Winnipeg. But even Leacock, writing for his big public in the United States, has to denationalize his humour; and on the rare occasions when an American editor will want a Canadian subject, he insists upon the "cinema" treatment—upon a Canada of cowboys, half-breeds, picturesque French-Canadian trappers, north-west mounted policemen, and all the

other exaggerated accessories of a non-existent land where men are men.

To these two aspects the stay-at-home Englishman will, perhaps, turn only a patronizing air; but it has never probably struck him that the enormous trade of the United States with Canada in manufactured articles is due largely to the American magazine. These magazines are full of advertising—some of the cleverest advertising on earth—and inevitably they create a demand for the American product. The vast majority of goods nowadays are bought by name or by brand—not by kind. One asks more and more for a particular brand of soup, or what not; and the average household buyer always buys upon continued quality and price—seldom from knowledge where the article is made. It is this victorious advertising which is putting American products upon the shelves of Canadian stores to the exclusion of British goods and even Canadian goods.

What is the solution? One thing, I believe, is certain —British magazines are not. To put British magazines into the hands of Canadian readers instead of American magazines, and not Canadian magazines, will not help Canada, except sentimentally. The actual circulation of British magazines in Canada is unknown to me, but it cannot be very great; nor will it increase while American magazines are so much superior in size and physical appearance.

The only practical palliation is to establish a duty. Already many scores of patriotic, commercial, and literary organizations have sent resolutions to the Government, asking for a duty at the suggested rate of 10 cents per pound. Such a duty would, of course, result in increased prices and slightly decreased sales. It would also have the tendency to make American magazines print their Canadian circulation in a Canadian printing office. Many of them have already a sufficiently large distribution in the Dominion to make that feasible; and they would in due course be almost compelled by public opinion to mix in a certain amount of Canadian literary matter and Canadian advertising matter—and thus, perhaps, the American magazine would partake somewhat of a Canadian character.

The Moonshi's Story

By Lieut. H. P. Cinnamond, M.C.
(Late Indian Army)

I WAS struggling with the Pushtu language, my schoolmaster being the local mullah, an old Pathan named Faiz Ullah. I think we had both had enough: he, because I would not grasp his erudite expositions about the Pushtu verbs; I, because I knew the language well enough to understand the rough, peasant talk and did not, particularly, wish to know it any better.

"Enough, moonshi!" I ejaculated. "All that you say is, doubtless, very true, but, alas! it is not what I require. It is the traditions, the folk-lore, of the common ones, that I would know; these are what interest me; for it is thus that one grows to understand a people. Come! relate to me the exploits of thy youth. I am sure that thou wert not always a school-teacher, thou, a Pathan! When thou wert young, but a boy and foolish, was there never a time when thou didst slip across the border when the nights were dark, to relieve some greasy Hindu bunnia of the root of all evil?"

"Sahib, this is wicked talk," protested the Pathan, in shocked tones, but with a gleam in his eyes. "Why should I, who love the English, enter their country to rob and murder?"

"Nothing was said of murder," I replied. "But all of us have been young: I, give praise to Allah! am young yet; and I am tired of thy verbs, therefore tell me a tale to stir the blood, or go in peace."

The old man sank back on his haunches thoughtfully, he was very comfortable in the shade of my E.P. tent, a box of my cigarettes to his hand, while lemonade, sweetened to the consistency of syrup, stood conveniently near.

"Very well, sahib, I will tell thee a tale, though it were more becoming that your honour should understand these few—but your honour is young and I will tell a tale," he finished hastily. Again he relapsed into thought, then, lighting a fresh cigarette and taking a colossal gulp of syrup, he began:

"Your honour is aware that we who follow the prophet, upon whom be peace, do not talk of our womenkind to strangers, but the sahib is as my own son, so I may speak; and do not the thoughts of age turn naturally to the companions of youth?

"I was born in Tirah, sahib, in a little village not far from Bagh, whose holy place the English desecrated by destroying the grove about it; an evil deed. Yes, I am an Afridi, who, as your honour knows, are all good men. My father, Nasr ud Din Khan, was malik of Sabzawar, but his authority in the village was not recognized by all. There were budmashes, evil men, who said that my father was corrupt, that he took bribes, that when he sat in judgment, the man with the heavier purse always gained the verdict. Oh! those vile ones, to say such a thing of Nasr ud Din, who denuded his family that the poor might be fed.

"Matters grew worse, so that, eventually, the village was as two armed camps, and we, the just ones, dared not venture abroad, unless heavily armed and in numbers. Even so, we were interrupted in our good works and, peaceable as we were, had to fight those evil ones.

"Thus many were slain on both sides, and a fear arose that the khel would become so weakened as to fall an easy victim to its enemies across the ridge. Therefore, a jirga was called, whereat both parties met; and we, because we feared the evil ones, went armed, which was well, for every man of them carried his weapons. What can be said of such people?

"Yet, as in truth we greatly feared those others beyond the ridge, a peace was decided upon, to be bound by my father giving his eldest son in marriage to the daughter of Barak Shah, the leader of the opposition.

"Then my heart turned to water. As your honour knows, it is not the custom of our women to go veiled as do the plain-dwellers—curses be upon them. Many times I had looked upon Bibi Khatun and always I wondered how such an evil man could have so wondrous a daughter.

"But now my heart was heavy within me, for she was to be given to my father's eldest son, Abdullah; what hope had I, the youngest of five?

"Yet I had hope, for I bethought me that my eldest brother was of a gentle nature, much given to study of the Koran, blessed be the holy book! and of the contemporaries and of the traditions; so I still hoped.

"That very evening I drew Abdullah apart to a lonely place and I spake what was in my heart.

"'Oh! thou Abdullah,' I said. 'Well art thou named,

for thou art a true servant of Allah; yea, verily, it is even so, is it not?'

"'Thy words are the words of truth,' answered my brother, pulling a long face the while he stroked his beard. 'But thou hast not brought me here to listen to such talk. Tell me, then, the reason for thus drawing me apart, for it grows late and we have many enemies; also I am unarmed.'

"'That is indeed foolish, Abdullah,' I answered. 'But fear nothing for, see, I am armed,' and I showed him the hilt of the Khaibar knife. Yet still he seemed ill at ease, for he said again:

"'Tell me what is thy desire of me, for I would be gone from this place.'

"But I was abashed, sahib, for that which I had to say was a hard thing for one so young as I. Nevertheless the words must be spoken, so, albeit nervously, I began:

"'Brother, it is not meet that thou shouldst take this maid to wife, for lo! already she loves me.'

"'What words are these?' cried my brother, in a fury—alas! sahib, so hollow was his boasted sanctity—'Dost thou dare to interfere in a matter which is as far above thee as is this moon?' and he pointed skywards.

"'Brother,' I said, endeavouring to calm him, 'be not annoyed. It is for thy honour alone that I am careful; know that it would be shame——' But the hot-head would not let me finish.

"'Dost thou mean, thou——' and he called me the name which is no name, so that I, too, was enraged and cut deep into his head with my knife. But, oh! sahib, do thou ever beware, even of a brother, for as I bent over him, to see whether aught could be done, that holy one lifted a sharp flint and smote me with violence upon the skull. Oh, agony! Oh, torment! See, sahib, the mark yet remains.

"I rushed wildly back to the village and, being unwilling to speak ill of my brother, I said that evil ones from beyond the ridge had smitten me. Collecting men we went to look for Abdullah, but when we found him, lo! Azrael had already separated soul from body; in my absence someone had thrust Abdullah through the body—a stranger, sahib, for your honour knows that we Afridis cut only, never thrusting.

"Then all returned to the house, where we wept much

and were very sorry. And my father, taking a large following, went to Barak Shah and told him that Abdullah, being dead, could not marry the Bibi Khatun, and we wept afresh, for our sorrow was great.

"But Barak Shah was a man of liberal mind and he said that it did not matter, the khan had other sons and all could go on as before.

"So, thinking to smooth all over, I said that I would marry the Bibi, when everything would be well. But my father, a brutal man—yet may Allah save him from Jehannum, if possible!—smote me heavily, so that I fell upon the ground and the wound in my head bled afresh, as did my heart also, for that my father was not alone.

"The matter then was settled as before, the Bibi Khatun being promised to the eldest son; and my heart was very sore. Yet still I hoped, though not so much as before, for Khalil Agha was a very mighty man, much given to war; yea, verily my heart sank when I thought of my brother. But Allah is great! To Him must we look for all things. I say that I hoped.

"Days passed, the time of the wedding drew nigh, and my heart lay like lead in my breast, for I said to myself that Khalil Agha, though a mighty man, was yet not worthy of that lovely Bibi. At last, unable to control my mind, I opened it to my brother.

"'Khalil Agha, it is well known that thou art mighty in war,' I said, 'were it not well, therefore, that, to signalize this happy event thou shouldst do some great deed, thou alone, by thyself, or accompanied only by thy brother? Remember that the blood of Abdullah is not yet avenged; and it were meet that vengeance should take place ere thy marriage.'

"'Faiz Ullah,' replied he, 'there is truth in thy words. It is not right that our blood should remain unavenged. Yet I would not delay the ceremony further, lest Barak Shah be insulted; also I would fain have my "house" come to me at once.'

"Then indeed, my blood boiled, and my murdered brother rose before me, pointing with his hand to those across the ridge; and I told Khalil Agha of this vision, when he agreed that blood should not call in vain.

"That night we two slipped through the gates and, climbing the ridge, descended the other side, where we crouched among dwarf palms, watching our enemies'

village, in hope that some would issue forth that we might slay them with our knives which we held ready, for my brother would have no fire-arms upon such work, therefore I feared to tell him of the little carbine which I carried concealed in my dress.

" But, though we waited long, not one of the cowardly dogs came forth, so that at last Khalil Agha put forward a risky plan: nothing less than to scale the wall, enter the village and, slaying the first person he should meet, make good his escape.

" ' Do thou wait here, Faiz Ullah,' he said, kindly. ' For on such a hunt one is better than two and thou art not yet inured to war. Sleep not,' he continued, as he rose to his feet, ' but stand ready to assist me, or to flee with me when I return.'

" Good advice, but my anxiety for my brother would not allow of my accepting it. I also rose to my feet and followed noiselessly.

" Soon Khalil Agha came to the wall and after a little searching and a cautious hacking in the mud of which it was built, he found a point at which he might reach the top. He did so and lay there like a snake, stretched at full length, while he searched the gloom inside.

" Now, as he lay, a strange thing happened; a shadow rose behind, intent to grapple with my brother. In fear I raised my carbine and fired upon it. But, alas! who can alter the decrees of destiny? Even as I fired that dreadful shadow must have struck, for, without a word my poor brother toppled from the wall into the village and I, full of fear, rushed madly away.

" Then my father, after much weeping, for Khalil Agha had been his favourite son, decreed that Karim Khan should marry the Bibi and my heart cried out in pity, for I knew that Karim Khan must not marry.

" A tall thin man, this Karim Khan, of an unexpected wiriness, who, though caring little for war, was inordinately fond of the chase. To him, in joy, I announced the discovery, in the cliffs above our home, of a nest wherein were two young and exceedingly beautiful falcons, which, with my aid, he might obtain.

" Alas! alas! my brother denied me; giving for all excuse that falcons do not breed in autumn! Do not birds breed when Allah pleases? I knew then that he loved me not, or only a little; and so I was silent.

"It came to pass then, that a very foul thing happened, for my brother went upon a long trip after the mountain sheep. Starting at dawn, darkness had long fallen when he returned; and his first request was as to the whereabouts of Faiz Ullah; when I approached, he seemed amazed. Turning from me in causeless anger, he displayed a wounded shoulder to my father's gaze, then demanded where I had spent the day. When I answered that I had been endeavouring to capture those falcons which should have been his wedding gift, he choked with emotion and, drawing my father aside, he spake earnestly with him; ever and anon they glanced at me, so that I was ashamed and left the house.

"All that night I stayed away and in the morning they came seeking me. I rose to greet them, but, indeed, misfortune dogged my steps that morning, for, even as I moved, my foot struck a great boulder which, descending upon Karim Khan, slew him; and my heart bled anew.

"Yet two days I stayed from home, fearing to see my father's grief; then I re-entered the house. But, indeed, sorrow had turned the old man's brain, for as I came to him he leapt to the wall and seizing a rifle would have shot me. I said to him: 'Father, wouldst thou slay me, thine only son, the prop of thine age?'

"'There is yet Ahmed,' he cried, hoarsely, raising his rifle, but I checked him.

"'Ahmed,' I said, mournfully, 'has gone away.'

"'Gone away!' muttered my father, fearfully. 'Where has he gone?'

"'Alas, that I know not,' I made answer.

"So then he took me to his bosom and we mingled our tears for those sons and brothers who had left us.

"I married Bibi Khatun and for a while we resided in the village; but it seemed to me that something had come between my father and myself; so that finally I took those things which belonged to me, save only Bibi Khatun, and left his house, coming at last to this place where I became mullah and am now your honour's teacher. Give praise to Allah for all His goodness.

"Now I will go, sahib, for soon it will be the time of evening prayer. Salaam aliekom, sahib."

"Es aliekom be salaam," I answered.

Thoughts in Lower Chapel, Eton

25th July, 1926

By V. A. Malcolmson

RULERS that are to be,
Now on the bended knee
Make preparation.
As through a glass we see
Children of destiny
Leading the Nation.

Seek for the guidance here,
Strong in united prayer
Chanted and spoken.
Eton upholds the Right;
And of her guiding light
You are a token.

Treading with reverent feet,
Daily you come to meet
God and Creator.
Prowess in game and art,
Pureness in aim and heart:
Choose you the greater.

All that the years may hold,
Prizes for swift and bold—
Hopes and achievement.
Visions of triumphs won,
Pride in the duty done,
Loss and bereavement.

Crowding these hours of grace,
Linking your lives to space
Hidden and infinite.
Yet will your daily task
Furnish the scope you ask;
Play you the man in it.

Honest in work and play,
Choose you the better way;
Each task completed.
Turn to the next to do,
And if it favours you,
Be not conceited.

Sorrows are sure to come,
Failures in school or home.
Quit you like men then;
Striving has power to bless,
Though oft denied success,
"Look to the end," then.

Agnus Dei

(From the Faroëse)

By E. M. Smith-Dampier

Our Lady Mary walked on the strand,
(Oh, faithless sea-foam!)
And she saw where a babe came floating to land.
(The living sail out and the dead swim home.)

She took the babe and home she came,
And Agnus Dei was his name.

When all God's angels went to play,
He sat still, and wept alway.

Our Lady set him on her knee:
"Sweet stepson, why dost weep?" said she.

"Needs must I weep when I know full well
That the world must burn in the fires of Hell."

"Oh, let me wipe those tears away,
And go with the angels to sport and play!"

"Vain, vain, sweet mother, is thy desire
(Oh, faithless sea-foam!)
For my tears it is that must quench the fire."
(The living sail out and the dead swim home.)

A Conservative Ideal

By Hamilton W. Kerr

(A Young Conservative)

"A NEW Wesley or a new Crusade," says Viscount Sandon in THE ENGLISH REVIEW, "would do more for England to-day than all the laws and all the conferences possible." But what shall this new Wesley preach? What teaching shall he set forth to capture the imagination and allegiance of the English people? Before attempting an answer let us analyse the present situation.

The war has bequeathed us many unusual conditions, and a certain peculiar frame of mind, fashionable at the moment. It is a form of pessimism, a disillusion with life in general, but chiefly a passion for introspection—a craving to brood over our misfortunes and to dissect our own and other people's motives. Not only do we dwell, with gloom, on our social and economic problems, but our theatres, cinemas and novels follow the lead and prefer to do well by trading on the worst aspects of human nature.

Among the intellectuals the Russian dramatists are the rage; in the soul-searchings of dissatisfied and disillusioned Tsardom they find a reflex of their own mind. A book, a play, if it would be successful, must not present some tangible idea; whether it is honest or dishonest, it must, first of all, be clever. It must play with thoughts, not convictions; for to be ingenious is the passion of the age, to be commonplace, the deadly sin. Talking of the scorn of the modern writer for the simple romantic themes so admirably elaborated in the novels of the past, Mr. Kipling remarked of our own generation of writers that the very simplicity of the prescription insults their cleverness, as the prophet's prescription insulted diseased Naaman. Yet who will posterity confirm as the greater, the moderns or the past? This age is stationary because it seeks inspiration only in itself.

How does a Russian, Mikhail Artzybasheff, sum up our defects? He says: "The greatest sin of our time, the sin of our cultured Europe, is the entire absence of a sense of morality from political and economic questions."

Is this a clue for the new Wesley? We have been told that morality is something stuffy and Victorian, cumbrous and out of date. But in every branch of life the moral law is supreme. Whenever nations have moulded their

policies to its dictates, they have been great. As Mr. Baldwin pointed out in his address to the Classical Association, the *Pietas* and *Gravitas* of the Romans gave them a sense of dignity and responsibility which made them masters of the earth. The cathedrals, the monasteries, the charitable institutions of the Middle Ages, reflected the rule of the Church, the guardian of the moral law.

Why, then, did the moral law make Rome supreme, and the Middle Ages productive of so much thought and beauty? Because it gave people a standard which drew them beyond themselves, something to aim at, an ideal.

There is no general ideal nowadays. The ones there are are vague and undefined—only the theories exist. But if we have an ideal, let it be suited to our national genius.

Whether we may or may not agree with Fascism, it is certainly a step in the right direction. It is a creed, above all, strong and colourful, for its ambition to revive the splendours of antiquity grips the imagination and love of tradition. By its demand that the individual shall sink his own interests in those of the State it makes a personal appeal to the best in every citizen. Fascism, as a form of Government, runs contrary to the democratic instincts of the British nation. But it has many good points we might borrow, notably the stress it lays upon individual and sectional unselfishness, and its driving force, founded on tremendous optimism. "He that would lose his life shall save it," it proclaims confidently. The more we infuse the code of honour and good manners that exists between individuals into the relations between countries and sectional interests, the nearer we shall be to solving our difficulties. Do not our traditions teach us the same lesson?

From whence shall this new impetus come? Are we to despair of organized religion? The Church would seem to be engaged in revising its prayer-book before revising its estimate of human nature. Shall we look to our authors and dramatists? There is but little sign.

Have we found a personification of our ideal in Mr. Baldwin, whose obvious disinterestedness and level-headedness have won the respect of all parties, or do we wait for another prophet? Whoever he be, he must be one who shows the dynamic power of ideals and the grace of unselfishness.

[*Short articles and letters from young Conservatives are invited.*—ED. E.R.]

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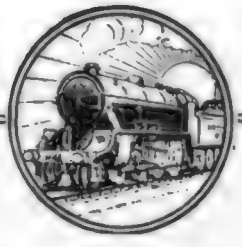

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"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

The T.U.C. and China

"I see," said Heddle, "that Mr. Baldwin is at Akes taking the waters."

"Is he?" replied Sergeant Murphy. "Well, he's picked the wrong place for his holiday. He ought to be dhrinkin' the wathers of Leeth."

"Leith in Scotland, you mean?" asked Heddle puzzled.

"Not likely. I mean the wathers of the Leeth that make a man forget his throubles. Why, if I was Mr. Baldwin, I'd never be sleepin' a wink at nights."

"What for?"

"I'll tell you what for. Because I'd been found out. Because me plots agen the Russian Soviet had been disclosed to a horrified world. Did ye read what happened at the Thrades Union Conference at Bournemouth? Of course you didn't. You're a boorjuice, Heddle. You'll be shot as a thraitor in the class-war."

"Hard words break no bones," replied Heddle. "But what did happen?"

"I'll tell you," said the Sergeant, "and shame you. On Friday last all the bickerin's among the delegates had subsided, all the insultin' references to wan another had been made, all the labels of 'coward' and 'thraitor' had been allotted fraternally, the annual demand for Jim Thomas's head, silk hat and all, on a charger had been put forward, Miss Ellen Wilkinson had for the twinty-seventh time received the chivalrous reproof of the Chairman for breakin' into the queue of speakers—in fact, the real business of the meetin', which is to allow the delegates to let off steam and have a few days at the seaside, was at an end.

"Suddenly wan of the delegates, who had been lookin' through an evenin' paper to see what won the three-thirty, saw a headline about China.

"'China, China,' he repeats to himself. 'That's where the tea and the Old Woolworth Pottery comes from. Chinamin have their eyes cut on the bias, and marks of the chisel still remain on their well-cut features. Chinamin used to wage war be makin' faces

at wan another, and the gineralissimo was always a man whose features had been thrapped in a passenger lift. Chinese women's shoes prove that a quart can go into a pint pot, hince women police are unknown in this fair land. The people are a hospitable, murdherous, kindly, lazy race who have to be apprinticed to the scene-paintin', if they want to become clerks. They live on crows' nests, rice pudding, and sharks' skins. Now what's goin' on over there?'

"He reads through the par and discovers that some throuble is goin' on. A sort of a war. Gineral Chung-Ling-Soo is marchin' wan way, Gineral Tie-Pin another, Gineral Foo-Paw another, and the Christian Bolshie—which sounds like a dhrunken teetotaller—Gineral Ting-Ling is marchin' athwart the rest.

"He goes further, and he finds that a British gunboat or two has been in action. Harmless and well-meanin' Chinese Bolshies, who've been passin' the time be firin' machine-guns and field-guns at British merchant shippin', have been intherrupted in their play be the minions of Imperialism. That's good enough for him. Hummin' softly a verse of 'The Red Flag' to the tune of 'Stop Yer Ticklin', Jock,' he dhraws aside another delegate of the Left persuasion.

"'Do you see that bit about China?' says he, showin' him the newspaper. 'See what our Navy is doin'. The Navy we keep up. Shootin' down our Chinese comrades.'

"'I never knew we'd anny,' says the second. 'But now that you've shown it to me, I'm ready to do anything. Me blud's up. I'll get our mimber to raise a row in the House or our Board of Guardians to raise the scale of relief to the unimployed.'

"'No,' says the first. 'Let the Conferince do the job.'

"Half-an-hour later the Conferince passes a resolution, protestin' agen the Conservative Governmint, in revinge for the subscriptions that Russia had sint to the British miners, helpin' the Chinese War Lord, Chang-Tso-Lin—it took five of thim to spell it—to crush the Sacred Soviet of Moscow."

"What's the result?" asked Heddle.

"The result is it?" asked Sergeant Murphy. "Why, Punch's shares have dhropped wan eighth. They can't face this new and unfair competition."

The Novel and the Play

By Horace Shipp

The Idiot. Adapted from Dostoieffsky's Novel. (Little Theatre, transferred from Barnes.)
Escape. By John Galsworthy. (Ambassadors.)
The Mayor of Casterbridge. By John Drinkwater from Hardy's Novel. (Barnes.)

THE London stage is having an epidemic of dramatizations from novels. Two challenging productions have been made at the important little experimental theatre at Barnes, and before this article is printed the version of *The Constant Nymph* will have been added to the list at the New Theatre, and even Henry James is to reappear in dramatic form at the St. Martin's. Such a phenomenon inevitably causes us to question this reinterpretation. Can the technique of the written story, with its wide discursiveness, its opportunity for the artist's self-intrusion, its easy gradations of time and place and its slow development, endure metamorphosis into the altogether different technique of the drama? The action—the easiest element in the transition—can conceivably be conveyed if some arbitrary rearrangement of time and place is permitted; the characterization, too, should not offer insurmountable difficulties if we dare to assume a dramatist, actors, and a producer sufficiently wise in their respective arts; the theme, if theme there be, should prove no more difficult to the stage writer than to the bookman. Theoretically, therefore, one is forced to believe that the thing is possible; actually one cannot remember a single occasion when it has been successful.

I should have thought that both Dostoieffsky and Thomas Hardy were bad subjects for experiment. Both work on enormous canvases, both allow themselves the novelist's privilege of a great deal of personal comment on the story and characters they are creating; both charm us as stylists, and even in translation the great passages of Dostoieffsky's work do not lose their beauty; and this applies in an even greater degree to the writing of Henry James. By an interesting paradox the lesser literary work of Margaret Kennedy's *The Constant Nymph* is much more likely to bear transition. Its content and its theme are nearer to the normal stuff of the theatre, its

sex appeal is greater. Moreover, the collaboration of the authoress herself with so purely theatrical a person as Mr. Basil Dean should almost guarantee the result. Nevertheless, hope long deferred leaves us doubting.

Of these pieces the adaptation of *The Idiot* was the least happy. The dramatist, who thinly disguised his identity by the name of Leahcim Nagoh, had worked in the orthodox four scenes of the ordinary theatrical convention. Despite some splendid moments and a wealth of human material from Dostoieffsky's abundant canvas, he left us profoundly dissatisfied with the working out of the character of Muishkin himself. Only now and again did any of the subtlety of the Russian author's portrait convey itself. With the novel in mind it became inadequate; with the novel unknown it must have seemed very indeterminate characterization lacking in any inevitability of action or motive. Never once did one feel Muishkin to be God's fool as Dostoieffsky has drawn him. The scene in his villa when the two women are brought face to face was splendidly done, and gave us a glimpse of the possiblities, and the final scene was effective in the Grand Guignol manner, whilst there were occasional moments of genuine comedy. It was not, therefore, that the play was in itself a failure, but that it was overshadowed by its original.

Mr. Drinkwater's effort with *The Mayor of Casterbridge* adopted a more lax theatrical technique. He gave us no less than sixteen scenes with a careful chronological commentary. By this recruiting of progressive time and place, belonging rather to the kinema than to the theatre proper, Mr. Drinkwater hoped to overcome the first obvious difficulty of his task. Certainly he managed to tell us the story, and even, because of his own dramatist's capacity for revealing dialogue, to make Hardy's characters live before us. But when all was done the great tragic sense of Fate, the conception of destiny working to its own pitiless ends, the irony of circumstance, which are the key motives of Hardy's work, were missing. The piece stood before us as a mere story with little reason for its telling. Lyn Harding's fine performance as Henchard left us rather irritated by his irascibility than moved to terror at his unrelenting punishment; Moyna

MacGill's Elizabeth Jane for all her tearful acquiescence brought us no nearer to pity; Colin Keith-Johnson's noble-minded Farfrae was an insensitive prig. One could not but feel that it was not the actors' faults in the least, but that for all his skill in telling the story Drinkwater had lost in transmutation some essence of these characters which made them other than these outward seeming things.

It is when we see a writer with the technical and creative power of Mr. Galsworthy put a story on the stage that we obtain the clue. *Escape* can adopt the method of breaking into many scenes which Mr. Drinkwater applied to Hardy's novel without any loss of its dramatic power; it tells its story, it creates its people, it enables its creator to comment on individuals and institutions, it gives us full measure with no lurking sense of some missing element. Mr. Galsworthy himself has asserted that the piece grinds no axe and has no profound signification. Yet because of the particular cast of its author's mentality this episodic story of an escaped convict, with its studies of the reactions which his presence evokes in various people, re-states the theme which the author has long since made his own, the relationship of the individual to the institution. There are many reasons why *Escape* is an entertaining theatre piece: its dramatic situations, its sense of character, its humour, the fine acting of Nicholas Hannen, and its very stageworthy production by Leon M. Lion. But it is the impress of the author's individuality which establishes it as a work of art. This is the key to the failure of the dramatization of these other pieces; the original urge which inspired their conception was in some way which we cannot understand bound up in the mental make-up of the original creators. The reason for failure lies not alone in difficulties of technique, but in the fundamental truth that the work belongs to the man who conceives it. Technique there must be (Mr. Hardy's failure with *Tess* was greater than Mr. Drinkwater's with *The Mayor of Casterbridge*), but with this must be the psychological need for creation and the incalculable element of personality. This missing, all is awry; present, and almost any phenomenon of life which is used as the basis will resolve itself into a work of art.

Books

SCHOLARSHIP AND CRITICISM

THE NEW TESTAMENT: A TRANSLATION BASED ON THE VERSION OF 1611. By the REV. E. E. CUNNINGTON. Routledge. 5s.

THIS little book offers a remarkably good and sensible recension of the New Testament in English. Every reader of any taste appreciates the merits of the glorious Authorized Version of 1611, and many have doubts about the Revised Version produced in the latter part of the nineteenth century. It ignores the claims of rhythm and English, and is not always consistent in its alterations of the acknowledged errors of the Authorized Version. Mr. Cunnington has considered the problems of the two languages concerned with all a scholar's thoroughness, and at the same time he has a regard for the dignity which so many writers and readers of the twentieth century have forgotten. The attitude neatly parodied in the remark of the puzzled pedagogue not deep in Greek, who turned to the English with "Boys, let us consult the inspired original" is now generally given up. It should be no loss to know that "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian" is a mis-translation not justified by the Greek. It is, perhaps, something of a loss to give up as archaic some words not now generally understood, when their sense can easily be gathered. No one has proposed to put Shakespeare, whose strange words are much more numerous than those of the Bible, into the twentieth century English everybody understands without a thought. We are glad to notice that Mr. Cunnington keeps "thou" and other dignified elements of the Bible vocabulary.

In Mark vi. 49, the disciples, seeing Christ walking on the water, "supposed it had been a spirit" (Authorized Version). Mr. Cunnington, following the American revisers, reads "thought it was a ghost," and rejects the "apparition" of the Revised Version, which seems to us quite as good, if not better.

"Apparition" is a sound word, used by Hamlet of his father's ghost, and presents well the "phantasma" of the Greek and the Vulgate. In some cases where the Greek is clearly rhetorical, as in the two adverbs which begin the Epistle to the Hebrews, a stately phrase like the Authorized Version "at sundry times and in divers manners" has its value, though not so accurate as Mr. Cunnington's "in many portions and in many ways." He overdoes occasionally, we think, the desire to be absolutely clear, but his version in general is full of excellent points, and the brief notes at the bottom of the page are always enlightening. We learn about important variations in the chief MSS. and the Vulgate, and we find references to authors like Aristotle and Addison, as well as annotations of words important in Christian practice.

The long introduction explains in copious instances the grounds for criticism and correction. Thus we do not know that Lazarus was a beggar, or that Mary of Magdala was a fallen woman. In Revelation vi., 6, the Authorized Version and Revised Version speak of a "measure of wheat for a penny," which looks like a cheap price, whereas the opposite is indicated. Mr. Cunnington makes the passage clear with "a quart of wheat for a shilling" and a note below, "Or a denarius (famine prices); a quart of wheat weighs two pounds." His treatment of the words "justify," "justification," is another instance of his zeal for lucidity. His taste in English is shown in his feeling about the use of the colourless word "have" where it no longer appears natural, as in "having"—i.e. being under—a vow. Any average reader who masters his little book will have learnt a good deal about the true meaning of the writers of the New Testament.

V. R.

THE YEAR'S WORK IN ENGLISH STUDIES. Vol. v, 1924. Edited by F. S. BOAS and C. H. HERFORD. H. Milford. 7s. 6d.

THIS guide is a great credit to the English Association, and should be very useful to scholars and all who wish to know what books and articles are worth. The bewildering and unequal output of to-day is carefully sifted by men who know what they are talking about; 274 books and 214 articles are noticed, and the inclusion of the latter, when worth consideration, is an important point, as it is not easy to find what is worth reading in that way in any book of reference. Many foreigners now make contributions of value to English letters, though their judgment on questions of taste is always to be taken with caution. A crop of books produced by the Byron Centenary is noticed, and philology has claimed special attention. All the thirteen chapters are valuable, expert work, and all imply a wide and judicious knowledge of the special subject summarized.

PLATO'S AMERICAN REPUBLIC. By DOUGLAS WOODRUFF. Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d.

THE "To-day and To-morrow" series has made a deserved success with its prophecies and pungent comments. Mr. Woodruff's six Platonic dialogues are admirably deft in their irony and satire. They exhibit the thoughts of Socrates after his visit to lecture in America, which was rather spoilt by Xantippe's more lucrative appearance in the same rôle. At the luncheon club of the business men of Hootsville, Iowa, he got shouted down as soon as he suggested that Hootsville had anything to learn from other places, and his interrupted lecture was described as "confessedly a disappointment after last week's slap-up talk on personal contacts in business." His friends chaff him about this and his ugliness. It is clear that State guardians have to be

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educated to improve the current ideals of America, and women are preferred because the men have no leisure and never think except about cars and money-making. Agathon agrees that the education of agreeable American girls at Athens is an excellent idea. The delusion that money-making can be considered the good life is attacked in many ways, and the card index is described as the American deity. The whole people are drunk with statistics and unable to govern themselves. Their educators are bullied by business men. Socrates remains calm throughout his discussion of these barbarians, and as the little book proceeds, indulges in denunciation of the English as well. The author has achieved a neat mixture of serious points and sly hits, and the contrasts between the most prosperous of modern democracies and the Athens which gave intellectual freedom to the world are sharply drawn.

TRAVEL

EXCURSIONS AND SOME ADVENTURES. By ETTA CLOSE, O.B.E., F.R.G.S. Constable. 12s. net.

MISS CLOSE'S method, though one doubts whether anything so deliberate ever entered her head, is that of the good correspondent who sits down with a complete lack of self-consciousness and tells a chosen friend about her doings. These are invariably entertaining, and lead one far afield, for our author has been a great traveller. Quite easily and lightly she takes us to Norway and Sweden, to France and Northern Spain, Morocco and Canada, or via Russia to the Far East. Another interesting tour is that through Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Montenegro.

Having no axe to grind Miss Close is delightfully personal. She introduces us to her companions and especially to "Mother," whose restless spirit is responsible for most of this vagabondage. In a humbler walk of life, Mother would be described as "a card." She certainly had a way with her. "Father" is less enterprising; but the ladies and a brother make up for it.

Miss Close and her companions always make for the wilds and avoid cities, and quite frankly she takes a very British view of the people she encounters on her travels. Yet, occasionally, one imagines that "Mother" and her escort of dutiful daughters must have reacted on the foreigner; so much so, that one would give something to hear *their* account of this surprising party of tourists.

Travelling by rail through Bosnia, Miss Close and her relatives invite "the old gentleman in the corner" to share their luncheon, which consisted of hard-boiled eggs and the cheese and excellent bread and butter of the country, washed down with coffee: "Gently we pushed our basket towards our fellow-passenger and begged him to help himself. We had quite overlooked a tin of Keating's that had been thrust into the basket at the last moment; not so the elderly gentleman, for a little later one of my sisters in

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a horrified voice said, 'Good gracious! he has mistaken the flea-powder for pepper and is eating it.' Sure enough the old gentleman had just swallowed an egg covered with it, and evidently thought it good. Horror-stricken, we expected to see him writhing in agony on the floor. . . . Mother was quite unmoved. 'It's only pyrethrum,' she said. 'It can't hurt him.' So the old gentleman continued to powder his eggs undisturbed by us, and certainly seemed none the worse for it."

We quote this passage as an instance. Similarly amusing occurrences occur on almost every page. In all we recommend this as just the easy, informal kind of travel book which appeals to the average reader.

A. K.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

EPISODES OF THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND: COMING OF THE ROMANS TO THE NORMAN CONQUEST. By ARTHUR J. IRELAND. With three coloured plates and thirty illustrations and maps in the text. Longmans. 6s.

MR. IRELAND'S episodes have been broadcasted and are welcome in print, as they deal with a period of which the average reader knows little to-day. The sources of information are not all of equal value, but all are used here to good purpose. Cæsar's two descents on Britain are so interesting that we wish he had devoted more space to them in his famous book of Gallic wars. But probably he had to tell a doubtful story with due regard for his own reputation. His first experience of Britain was a critical affair, as he had a very inadequate force. In dealing with Boadicea Mr. Ireland might have mentioned a more accurate variant of her name which is recorded on the London statue.

The episodes are self-contained, and while naturally they have to be filled out with an adequate background and suitable emotions, the author is careful not to go beyond a reasonable conception of history. Indeed, he tells us when a detail is unknown or disputed, and warns us that the chroniclers dearly love a marvellous story. Godwine is recognized as a really great man, insatiable, it is true, in ambition, but naturally underrated and vilified in our Norman sources. His character is judiciously traced. The battle of Hastings, now renamed Senlac, is well described, and the various accounts of the fate of Harold are considered.

The illustrations are attractive and show how much the modern school-book has gained in vividness as well as aids to understanding.

THE FASCIST EXPERIMENT. By LUIGI VILLARI. Faber and Gwyer. 12s. 6d.

THIS is undoubtedly the best, if, indeed, it is not the first, complete account of the origin and progress of Fascismo which

has appeared in English. Signor Villari traces the history of the movement from its very modest beginnings on March 23, 1919, through the heroic period of the march on Rome, down to the present day, when it seems firmly established in Italy and numbers its admirers in other countries by the hundred thousand. The author describes in detail the work that has already been accomplished in every branch of Italian life, and pleads for a fair hearing for Signor Mussolini in England, a hearing which Signor Villari declares is denied to him by a large section of the British Press.

This book shows very clearly how great is the change which has been brought about in the morale of Italy during the past four years. The Fascist reforms have not been imposed, like those of a Joseph II, by an enlightened Government upon a reluctant or apathetic people; the public response to them has exceeded the most optimistic expectations, and it is for that reason that Signor Villari is confident that there will be no retrogression. The book is invaluable to all those who wish to understand one of the most remarkable movements of modern times.

MUSSOLINI: HIS WORK AND THE NEW SYNDICAL LAW. By CAVALIERE RAFFAELE MURIELLO. Macniven and Wallace. 1s.

IN this pamphlet Colonel Muriello gives an excellent account of Signor Mussolini's labour legislation—a subject which has too often been misunderstood by British writers. Fascismo has always been a dynamic rather than a static force, with little respect for the "status quo" as such, and the application of its ideals to modern economic and social problems is explained in these pages. Indeed, the English reader will find in them much to recall the Guild Socialism which was advocated by many Fabians some twenty years ago.

Equally interesting is the author's claim that Fascismo is now so firmly rooted among his fellow-countrymen that its continuance is no longer dependent upon the life of Signor Mussolini. Indeed, Colonel Muriello is never tired of insisting that the formation of the Fascist Government marked an important step in the progress of mankind, and he calls it "a revolution which has permanently altered the fate of Italy, a revolution which has no precedent in the world's history." The author also has a good deal to say about the Matteotti affair, which is still rather a mystery to the average foreigner.

STANLEY BALDWIN. By ADAM GOWANS WHYTE. Chapman and Hall. 5s.
ON ENGLAND AND OTHER ADDRESSES. By the RIGHT HON. STANLEY BALDWIN. Allan and Co. 12s. 6d.

MR. WHYTE has done his work with competence and enthusiasm. We never care much for biographies of the living, but there is a natural desire to know what sort of man the Prime

Minister is, as he had made no great mark in public life when he suddenly became a leading figure. His descent and training are both particularly interesting. His connections are unusually broad; with artistic talent, with the best education, and with a family business. When he entered Parliament, he was taking on a seat occupied by his father for several years. Though he rails at the rhetorician, it is quite clear that he has himself a strong feeling for the right use of words. If, as his addresses show, he prefers simplicity to elaboration, he is none the less a stylist for that. While all the positions he has adopted, in a time of special difficulty, have not pleased his supporters, he has won a very valuable reputation for sincerity and freedom from those dubious manœuvres which make politicians disgusting to thinking men. This is a more important point, perhaps, for politicians than they themselves perceive.

The legend of the briar pipe, duly recorded on the frontispiece of the addresses, clings to him, and he wants to keep pigs, also to re-read the classics, which he took somewhat casually in his youth. This is a programme worthy of the best English tradition, with a dash of democracy in the pipe; and his addresses show in charming language how thoroughly he appreciates the simple sights and sounds of the English countryside. He is not easily rattled, and has nothing in his make-up of the fiery theatricality of the Celt. He protests that he is a "plain man"; but he does not belong to the solid and stolid type which used to be regarded as peculiarly English. He wins you over by taking you into his confidence. He is an artist in his quiet way and can exercise a pretty sense of humour, as, when speaking to the learned of the Classical Association, he imagined a Ciceronian speech of Lord Oxford *pro Georgio*. We have already discussed this address, the most finished of his performances, in THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

FICTION

THE SILVER SPOON. By JOHN GALSWORTHY. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

IT is impossible to resist the belief that Mr. Galsworthy intended "Foggartism" to remain as a stimulating residue in the reader's mind, after the amusing reel of this Forsyte episode has spun itself out, although he presents it in the form of a forlorn hope, supported by a convicted sentimentalist. "Foggartism"—for those comparatively few who have not read "The Silver Spoon"—is a scheme for the salvation and consolidation of the British Empire, by populating its empty spaces, and developing its vast potentialities by State-aided settlement of the young and plastic superfluity of our population, as proprietors, in fitting fertile regions of the Overseas Dominions. The young and hopeful are chosen for their plasticity, and because the adult

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immigrant finds only a grudging welcome. Confessedly this scheme involves a twenty-year sacrifice on the part of the Mother Country, as the price of survival, and "Michael Mont," its protagonist, realizes that it is not likely to find acceptance, but, being convinced, pegs away.

To carry this contribution to the Economics of Empire, the adventures of "Fleur" and her triumphant defence in a slander suit, brought by the very modern, frankly amoral, friend, "Marjorie Farrar"—with a brilliantly-written trial scene—are done with unwonted liveliness, whilst the ironic moral, that frank vice is more popular than honour and respectability, gives one of those masterly "curtains" which only a big writer dares. Not so magisterial as the Saga proper, but a vivid and interesting appendix.

POETRY

THE BODLEY HEAD BOOK OF VERSE. Edited by J. B. PRIESTLEY. John Lane. 6s.

No single publishing house has done greater service to English poets and poetry than John Lane's, and it was an excellent idea to issue this anthology from their books, a worthy tribute to the memory of the founder of the firm whose courageous policy brought the books into being. Between Richard Le Gallienne's poems of 1892 (the earliest in the volume) and those of poets published last year, the anthology seems to include so many good names that it is difficult to believe they all belong to one publisher's list. In spite of Mr. Squire's defence of Lane in his Introduction, against the charge of being what has been termed *fin de siècle*, the names and the poems that thrill us belong to the nineties, and the fact that half of them date from the last eight years of the nineteenth century points in the same direction. The question of choice must always be a matter of personal taste; Mr. Priestley is safe rather than daring, but has resurrected some beautiful things. "The Hound of Heaven" is almost a shock in an anthology containing a poem by Iris Tree, and with such a field for his gleaning one inclines to wish that the anthologist could have given us more of such surprises. The book is, however, very pleasant, and a challenge to poets and publishers. In face of the cohorts of the nineties, and early work by such men as Sir William Watson, A.E., Richard Garnett and others, one wonders whether it is the English Muse or the courage of the Bodley Head that has dwindled.

Although every precaution is taken, the Editor will not be responsible for the loss or damage of manuscripts sent in for consideration; nor can he undertake to return manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.